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THIS issue of The Nation consists of 50,000 copies; the corresponding issue of last year was 11,773 copies.

ONE of the significant results of Tuesday's election was the many and on the whole unexpected successes of the Socialists. In view of the recent serious internal disturbances and the defection of the communist groups, the prospect of getting out even a normal party vote seemed slim, while there were few special issues that appeared likely to draw votes from other quarters. But, apparently, growing dissatisfaction with the two old parties and present conditions in the United States overcame the unfavorable influences and helped pile up the Socialist vote in spite of obstacles. In New York city, in an election for minor officials which roused only the faintest of interest, the Socialist candidate for president of the Board of Aldermen polled more than 125,000 votes against about 85,000 cast in the city a year ago for the party's nominee for Governor. Indeed, the result came within 20,000 of the record vote for Morris Hillquit in 1917, when the Socialist candidate for mayor admittedly had a large special following on the anti-war and anti-draft issues. The Socialists were further successful in New York city in sending five men to the State Assembly, in contrast to two members there now, although it appears that only four Socialists were elected to the Board of Aldermen against seven who occupy seats there at present. One of the defeated Socialist candidates for the Board of Aldermen was Algernon Lee, against whom an unusually strong campaign was waged and many votes for whom, it is alleged, were not counted. In several instances Socialist candidates for both the Legislature and the Board of Aldermen were defeated only by fusion between the Democrats and the Republicans, thus justifying, as *The Call* says, the charge that they serve the same masters. Outside of New York city there were equally interesting results. In Buffalo the Socialist candidate received the highest vote of the three city commissioners elected, while Lackawanna, N. Y., one of the new steel towns, chose a Socialist mayor.

NOTHING better illustrates the power of a myth in politics than the reëlection of Calvin Coolidge as Governor of Massachusetts by a plurality of about 125,000 votes over his Democratic opponent, Richard H. Long. Governor Coolidge's plurality last year against the same rival was less than 20,000, so that Tuesday's result has been justly described as a landslide, and Bourbons all over the country—together with a large number of honest but deluded citizens—are congratulating themselves on the vindication of "law and order" and "Americanism" in Massachusetts. There is reason for the reactionaries to rejoice, for the election shows how easy it is to propagate a myth if one can only mislead the people at the start and pander unblushingly enough to present-day hysteria. It is fitting, also, that this pæan should be augmented by a note from a President of the United States whose administrative officers have committed perhaps more crimes against law than have been ventured under any other occupant of the White House. The fact is that Governor Coolidge ran from the police strike as a singed cat from fire, as any one may learn who takes the trouble to read the report of the Storrow committee, containing the verdict of Boston's ultra safe, sane, and sound men of affairs. But the Storrow committee's report was not published until a month after the police strike, and by that time the Coolidge myth was fixed. The painful truth about Calvin Coolidge is that he refused on the Wednesday before the strike to lift a finger to avert it when urged to do so by the Storrow committee. He was not to be found on Sunday, although the committee hunted for him high and low. When he was finally cornered the next night—the day before the strike—he declined even to protect the city by having the militia in readiness. A whole day after Mayor Peters had restored order by calling out the militia of Boston, and after it was plain how public sentiment had swung, Governor Coolidge came to the rescue by calling the policemen names and ordering out, rather superfluously, more State troops. But it would be ungracious at this date to attempt to destroy the Coolidge myth. Besides, it would be impossible.

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THE results of the municipal contests in Tuesday's election are distinctly encouraging. Thus ex-Mayor Schmitz was defeated by Mayor Rolph in San Francisco; while Fickert, the prosecutor of the Mooney case, with all its rottenness, was at last removed from public life. Philadelphia is now to be presided over by ex-Congressman J. Hampton Moore, who has it in him to be the best mayor it has seen for a long time—if he will. In New York city, there was a grateful anti-Tammany reaction by which the judiciary was once more rescued from Tammany Hall but not from the Republican machine. Judge Newburger was hardly, by his record or attainments, a judge about whom to build a moral issue but, with the aid of Mr. Hearst, the trick was turned. Equally gratifying was the election of Representative La Guardia as President of the Board of Aldermen and of Henry H. Curran, an excellent official, as Borough President. Tammany Hall is now faced with five adverse votes in the all-important Board of Estimate and Appointment. Whether this smashing defeat will bring about any change in the performances of the unspeakable Mayor Hylan remains to be seen. If ever New York should have risen against Tammany, this was the year. It will be interesting to see whether its spasm of reform will end now or will extend to the mayoralty election two years hence.

"FEDERATION Menace in Pennsylvania; State Labor Body Appeals to Palmer and Sproul for Free Press and Free Assembly"—thus the headlines of *The New York Times* in announcing the latest wickedness of labor. Our readers will agree with us that nothing more menacing—or more sinister—has appeared in the news of late than this wicked demand of a body of American workmen for free speech and free press. Do they not know that we have discarded these things; that they are neither fashionable nor legal? *The Times* is absolutely right in this matter; free speech and free press have become a menace to the Government of the United States and the existing order, and anyone who advocates them becomes *ipso facto* a menace to be watched by the authorities and the builders of public opinion. What is worse, the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor voted to recommend a general strike for the restoration of free speech and free assembly, if their demands were not otherwise granted. We earnestly hope that if any such action is indeed contemplated, Mr. Palmer will be forewarned and have his injunctions prepared well in advance. We are certain that his reasoning will apply just as well to this proposed general strike as to the coal strike. It, too, will be an exceptional strike of quite a different character from any other; the Government will have a direct interest in it and the Government will not permit the activities of a great State to be paralyzed by a band of misguided idealists who think that the ideals and standards of the old America hold today. If a general strike should be successful, men, women, and children would suffer from hunger and cold; this no Palmer and no government will tolerate, not even though its officials are opposed to government by injunction in ordinary cases. We heartily trust that Mr. Baker, too, will not be unprepared, but that he will make all his arrangements to hand the State of Pennsylvania over to General Wood as soon as the strike is declared; just as the State of Wyoming has been turned over to General Poore by the civil authorities and military rule formally proclaimed.

NOT even the careful burying of all the important Russian news of the past week on the inside pages of the great dailies has hidden the truth that the Allied and American efforts to reëstablish reaction and perhaps the monarchy in Russia have signally collapsed, despite the fact that the British War Office on October 21 announced that Judenitch would take Petrograd within two days. According to Trotzky's bulletins, Judenitch's whole army is practically surrounded and in danger of being wiped out, despite the action of British warships, which with their long-range guns have been exploding heavy shells not only in Kronstadt but even in suburbs of Petrograd, killing men, women, and children who were but recently allies in the war for democracy. From the military point of view Judenitch's mad raid is facing the disaster that it courted, but the disappointment is all the greater to our imperialists by reason of the fact that the adventurer got within eight miles of the city and saw its spires as McClellan at Seven Pines beheld those of Richmond. In General Denikin's rear great outbreaks of Bolshevist revolutionists in the Caucasus are reported, while history is repeating itself with Kolchak. After again making some advance, he has been compelled to retreat many miles and has lost towns whose capture by him had been widely heralded as further proof of the Bolshevist collapse. Finally, it is announced that the remaining Czecho-Slovak troops have become so restless that they must be withdrawn at once, and that in consequence the Stevens Railroad Commission, composed of Americans, is leaving forthwith because it will no longer be possible to protect the Siberian Railroad from Bolshevist attacks. As Mr. Wilson has solemnly assured Congress that the American troops in Siberia were being kept there merely to protect that railroad in the interest of all the Russian people, may we not look now for the prompt recall of General Graves's army?

MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, who died October 30, must have been the most widely read poetess in the world. The astute Mr. Hearst was her Mæcenas—of course for value received—and daily conveyed to hundreds of thousands of homes her easy-moving verse. For a good many years she has been, in her way, a national figure, accepted as one of the Respectabilities, but there was a day when her "Poems of Passion" seemed dangerous, a day when in all the rural regions "passion" still existed only in a blackguard sense, and yet she dared use the word and celebrate the thing in a volume everywhere charged against her as indecently autobiographical. She was actually a courageous woman; she had the courage of her convictions and of her emotions. As it happened, her convictions were all platitudinous and her emotions all banal. This she never knew, for she was the natural and perfect denizen of a universe without distinction of thought or feeling. With the ideas of that universe, she possessed also an extraordinary fluency of rhyming and—her most notable power—a certain knack of packing proverbial wisdom into neat patterns. The present king of England, a gentleman of literary tastes, thought highly of her statement that

> The man worth while is the man that can smile
> When everything goes dead wrong.

And Don Marquis himself could find no better Solomon to improve upon when he pointed out:

> Strike and the world strikes with you;
> Work and you work alone.

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The Coal War

THE war is on. The sweeping injunction granted on Friday by Federal Judge Anderson, extending so far as to sequestrate the United Mine Workers' strike fund and to prohibit to the leaders any action furthering the strike; the issuance of Government orders restoring maximum prices on bituminous coal and war-time priorities in its distribution; the submission to the Attorney General by the Railroad Brotherhoods of an offer to use their good offices for a peaceable adjustment, and their later withdrawal of the offer; the sharp protest of the officials of the American Federation of Labor against the Government's handling of the crisis and particularly against the grave abuse of the power of injunction; the Attorney General's recommendation to the Congress that the provisions of the Food and Fuel Control Act be extended for six months "after the existing state of war between the United States and Germany shall have been terminated"; the sheep-like rallying of the members of Congress to the support of the executive; and the prompt and open disposition of the regular army forces to aid in breaking the strike, if necessary—all these events, crowding rapidly on one another, mark the outbreak of war, the war of the United States Government upon the forces at work at the basis of human society, and represented at the moment in the strike of the coal miners. In the hope that reason may yet prevail rather than force, let us review the facts of the immediate situation.

For more than thirty years the soft coal industry has been conducted on the basis of joint agreements between operators and miners as to wages, hours, and conditions of work—agreements arrived at by "negotiation" between the two parties directly in interest, as opposed to "arbitration," which means determination by an outside and presumably disinterested agency. Through their local, district, State, and areal committees, the miners have played an important part in determining the conditions of work and pay. This power, needless to say, has been jealously guarded; and its exercise constitutes one of the most dearly cherished "rights" of the miners. They not unnaturally object to turning over to any outsider the determination of the conditions of their own life.

In August, 1917, under stress of war emergency, the Fuel Administration took control of the coal industry. On October 5 following, practically on order from that body, the operators and miners of the central competitive field (Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois) entered upon the so-called Washington agreement, running for the duration of the war, but in no case beyond April 1, 1920. It provided for wage advances of ten cents a ton to miners, and from seventy-five cents to $1.40 a day to laborers; and also established automatic penalties to be imposed on miners working less than eight hours a day. This agreement was highly unsatisfactory to the men, and was finally accepted by them only under great pressure from their officers and the Government. Three weeks later the President advanced the price of coal forty-five cents a ton to cover the wage advance, and the industry continued vastly profitable. Government control of prices came to an end on January 17, 1919, and since that date the Government has made no attempt whatever to restrict profiteering. The Washington agreement was loyally observed by the miners, notwithstanding their dissatisfaction and notwithstanding the Fuel Administration's refusal a year ago to grant a well-deserved increase of wages; but at the biennial convention of the United Mine Workers held in Cleveland during September last—a convention, be it remembered, strongly dominated by the rank and file, and controlled by the officers only with great difficulty—the scale committee was instructed to declare existing contracts terminated from November 1 (almost a year after the armistice, and more than eight months after the ending of Government price control), and to enter upon negotiations with the operators for a new contract based upon a six-hour day, a five-day week, a sixty per cent. advance in wages, and the abolition of the automatic penalty clause; and if a satisfactory agreement could not be negotiated, the officials were ordered to call a strike for November 1. The scale committee, in accordance with the custom of a third of a century, put forward their demands, and the operators flatly refused to negotiate the question of hours at all, and declined to reopen the matter of wages before April 1 next. Their representatives at Philadelphia on October 10 declared that they had made their proposition—the continuation of the present contract until April 1, 1920—on the understanding that there would be no compromise. After a month of stubborn refusal by the operators, the miners' officials gave up, and in accordance with their instructions called a strike.

Thereupon the Secretary of Labor intervened, asking both sides again to negotiate. The miners agreed (they have stood ready at every stage to negotiate every point at issue); the operators again refused to negotiate anything but wages, and that only after April 1, 1920. Then the Secretary proposed that all questions be submitted to arbitration; both sides promptly refused. Two other proposals were put forward by the Secretary, both of them extraordinarily favorable to the operators; both failed, and the President then stepped in. He suggested: (1) the resumption of negotiations; (2) in case negotiations should fail, the submission of all questions to an arbitration board; and (3) the continuation of mining pending a decision of the board. This jug-handled proposal gave the operators an enormous tactical advantage, and they, of course, promptly proceeded to put the miners in the wrong by accepting; while the miners' representatives, knowing full well that the operators would not negotiate an agreement, and with good reason fearing the delays and uncertainties of a protracted arbitration, were driven to reply that they would accept negotiation, but could not bind themselves to arbitration until they knew whether negotiation would be successful. The conference thereupon broke up, and the President in an extraordinary statement denounced the miners' action.

His denunciation rests in part on an alleged breach of faith; this allegation, in our judgment, is preposterous. The Washington agreement ran for the duration of the war; on Saturday, October 25, the President declared that the miners had called the strike "at a time when the war itself is still a fact." War-time prohibition likewise ran for the duration of the war and the period of demobilization; on Monday, October 27, the President vetoed enforcement legislation because the war-time emergency no longer existed. Like Senator Borah, we find ourselves "utterly bewildered." Did the war end between Saturday and Monday? On such

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a flimsy pretext, shall men be denounced for striking to secure prompt adjustment of long-standing grievances, when they have abundant evidence that no other method will insure fair consideration—denounced for striking, even at heavy cost to the public? Why did not the President denounce Judge Gary for refusing to arbitrate the steel strike, or the coal operators for refusing to negotiate?

Let us, however, briefly examine the actual demands, avowedly put forward as a basis for bargaining, according to the unvarying practice of thirty years, a practice now for the first time refused by the operators. Take the demands just as they stand. So far as we can judge from available figures, $1,300 is a generous estimate of the average earnings of miners in 1918, the best year for wages that the men ever had. Wages have risen about thirty-five per cent. since the outbreak of the war, living costs by no less than seventy-five per cent. Add sixty per cent. to $1,300, and you have $2,080. A recent Federal investigation fixed the cost of an irreducible decency minimum for a family of five in Washington at $2,262; and the Massachusetts Board of Arbitration on November 1 awarded the Brockton shoe cutters and leather sorters $43.20 a week, at the rate of $2,246 a year. The question of miners' wages, then, appears at least to deserve consideration. The demand for a thirty-hour week seems to be based, in part, on the hoary fallacy of making work by spreading employment among more men; in part on the desire to insure regular employment throughout the year. From 1906 to 1915, excluding 1910, the miners, under the existing system of long hours, irregular employment, and frequent periods of idleness, averaged 213 days (the equivalent of 1,704 hours) a year, an average of less than thirty-five hours a week, even if we deduct a week for holidays and two weeks for vacation. How do the present output and accident rate compare with those that would prevail under a six-hour day, a five-day week, and steady employment? We venture the guess that the increase of efficiency would go far toward overcoming any increase of cost occasioned by the short week, provided other conditions were properly adjusted. To sum up, the miners' demands deserved fair consideration, not only on the basis of the cost of subsistence and the conditions of decent human life, but on the ground of economy and efficiency of production as well. In stubbornly refusing to discuss those demands, the operators were squarely wrong. A government that had even an elementary sense of justice should have brought pressure to bear on them to settle the question with their employees in decent human fashion, instead of waiting until the obstinacy of the employers had driven the men to a declaration of open industrial warfare, with its irreparable injury to the community, and then joining that war on the side of the employers. The course of the Government threatens us with incalculable disaster; for it serves to confirm the unfortunate suspicion of workingmen that in the real test the Government is the organ of the propertied classes. Let that conviction become widespread, and violent revolution stands at the door.

As for Judge Anderson's injunction, we doubt whether a more extraordinary document is to be found in the entire annals of American jurisprudence. It goes far to justify the most extreme utterances of labor leaders concerning the abuse of the injunctive process. Despite the weasel words of the Attorney General, it does deny the right to strike in any instance where executive officials can convince a complaisant Federal court that the public interest is sufficiently involved to warrant such action. We know what that means. The hollow pretense that this is merely war emergency action is clearly exposed by the discussion already openly going on of a theory alleged to be held by the Attorney General that we have now reached the stage of forbidding strikes in certain essential industries, and that in return the Government will guarantee employees "the fullest protection in their just demands for improvements in working conditions and wages." In this instance the Government has evinced a truly marvellous inclination to extend such protection. Apparently it did not go so far even as to get the men's demands discussed in good faith, and now it is threatening those men with jail and machine guns.

Do not our Washington officials understand that the plain people of the United States are coming thoroughly to distrust them? It is lamentable, but it is a fact, and Washington has itself to blame. Mr. Lewis voices, we believe, a sentiment widely spread among thoughtful persons when he declares: "I regard the issuance of this injunction as the most sweeping abrogation of the rights of citizens guaranteed under the Constitution and defined by statutory law that has ever been issued by any Federal court." That the miners' leaders are obeying the injunction to the letter proves only that they have vastly more regard for the law than have those who control its machinery. If this action can be maintained, then the working people of this country will regard themselves as being "enslaved by a writ of injunction"; and Washington being what it is, they will be right. What then? Let Homestead and Ludlow answer, and every other bloody field on which men have yielded up their lives for what they conceived to be their rights. Such a settlement would be an unspeakable disaster.

Mr. Palmer may break this strike, as he proudly anticipates, but whether he does or not, one thing he will almost certainly accomplish. Depriving the union leaders, ultra-legal men, of whatever power they possess to control the strike and keep it moving within orderly and peaceful lines, as they had given every evidence of intending to do, he has put into the hands of the irresponsible and the violent everywhere the most effective weapon that they could possibly have. The miners, deprived of the leaders whom they have hitherto followed, will almost inevitably have recourse to sporadic mass action in more or less isolated groups—and "any concerted action by any two or more persons in your district to carry forward this strike" is enough to bring down on the offenders the strong arm of the Federal district attorney, according to instructions from Washington. Leaderless, suspicious, desperate—what will the miners do under such conditions? Mr. Palmer's action opens the way to violence, then the machine gun, and that "vindication of the majesty of the law" of which we have lately heard so much in resounding senatorial periods. But will that give us coal? Washington is reported as surprised that 400,000 men responded to the strike order despite the injunction. Such is Washington's understanding of the forces which rule the world today, such the intelligence to which we are obliged to entrust our common interests in this crisis, which demands above all else understanding and not force. "Injunctions won't mine coal"—and coal we must have; but no less insistently must we have justice. Today half a million miners feel, rightly in our judgment, that the Government of the United States denies them justice. Coal we may conceivably get today without justice, but tomorrow we shall freeze. Let the injunction be vacated.

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The Rush to Obscure History

AS if propelled by uneasy consciences the leading participants of the war hasten to put their reminiscences upon paper. Ludendorff, Tirpitz, and Hindenburg must have begun to write as soon as the armistice was on; but Lord French, in the slang of the day, "beat them to it"—he had been having plenty of leisure before the war ended. All four are on the defensive. Not so our own Admiral Sims, whose story is already an indispensable contribution to our knowledge of events as they really were—and not as we imagined them—when we entered the war. As for General Pershing, his personal memoirs are not yet announced, but our General Staff, imitating the Prussian in 1871, is already at work preparing *the* official history of our part in the struggle. Under General Pershing's direction no less than thirty-six officers, including one major-general and six brigadiers, are writing what is to be the true and official account of what went on. Profiting by the fact that after fifty-four years the official history of the Civil War is still incomplete, the gallant thirty-six are seeing to it that their and their comrades' deeds are not to be left unsung, nor turned over to a possibly unsympathetic future generation to record. This is the first war in which events as they occurred were deliberately recorded by lieutenant-colonel-professors, major-photographers, and lieutenants of movies.

That all of this is strikingly at variance with our earlier American traditions is obvious. Washington, of course, failed to indite the popular book of personal recollections he should have produced, and Alexander Hamilton, with all his talent for writing, so manifest at sixteen years of age, was quite neglectful of posterity in not composing an intimate journal of all his great chief's private life and his own exploits. True, we changed all that in 1898 when "The Rough Riders," full of errors and misstatements, appeared, about the time the peace was signed. But the veterans of 1861-65 were not so sure that the pen was more profitable than the sword; for twenty-five years elapsed before the happy thought came to the editor of *The Century* to obtain that wonderful series of articles on the great struggle by the men who opposed each other in battle. Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, Davis and Longstreet and Gordon, all took their time about writing their memoirs—Grant with such astounding success that, though personal publicity was then in its infancy, his publishers drew the largest check ever paid to an author up to that time—one of $200,000, receipted for by his widow.

Mr. Wilson, too, so rumor has it, is to write the true history of the war, and we have little doubt that the Kaiser will find a good market for an Apologia Pro Vita Sua. As for the lesser lights, they flood our desks already with either reminiscences or histories or revelations. Regimental histories, which after the Civil War had at least the decency to wait until the seventies, already burden the reviewer's desk, too well filled as it was. To house the literature of the World War will soon take a whole building—it is already beyond the possibilities of a private collector save he be as rich as Midas. One shudders to think of all the "true histories" of the peace negotiations which the Colonel House troupe of performing professors who accompanied him and his brother-in-law and his son-in-law to Paris, will yet unload upon a stricken world—but come they will.

Yet somehow we are not minded to believe that we are to get better history out of it for all the photographic, stenographic reporting on the spot. The official history will be as little trustworthy as all other official histories, save only for the official documents. Few of the personal narratives will have the extraordinary detachment of von Moltke or the equally extraordinary style of Grant. There will be quite too many theses to be proved, while the all-engulfing multiplicity of material will call for greater historical genius than we have yet had if it is to be digested and summarized by a single mind. After all, the writing of real history is not merely a setting forth of cold facts. They form, it is true, the base of every sound historical structure. But it is the interpretation which counts, when it is unbiased—the reading of drifts and currents, the classifying of motives, the explaining of psychology, the drawing-in of the characters as creatures of fate, or as makers of doom, or as living and throbbing human beings long after they have left the stage—these are some of the tasks that belong to true history writing. With this war as with others we shall wait for decades for the true word, for the definitive, detached, unbiased history, such as James Ford Rhodes gave us in his survey of the Civil War. Even then, nothing will prevent the appearance and reappearance of the history of *Tendenz*—written to prove a point, or to explode a theory. Today we are still too near the war to judge; the nasty truth about its diplomacy, its "statesmanship," and the direction of its course has scarcely begun to come out. But one thing is plain: for the moment the historian of the old America is without an audience. The new life, just announced, of Jefferson Davis sounds like an echo from another planet and one wonders how ex-Senator Beveridge could concentrate on the past sufficiently to add two more volumes to his excellent life of John Marshall. We have scrapped the Fathers and all their doctrines and burned their last wills and testaments. Why, then, should not our historians let them rest in their inevitable obscurity, as outworn as the records of the Pharaohs?

The Nation and the Printers

THAT *The Nation's* inability to appear since October 4 has been a source of profound regret to its editors, our readers will readily believe when we inform them that never before in its fifty-four years has it failed to come out on time. The reason has, of course, been the lockout and strike in the New York printing industry, to the equitable adjustment of which our efforts have been largely devoted since the trouble began. Our side of the controversy is as follows:

The Nation Press, which publishes *The Nation* and other publications, and also does a general printing business, is a member of the New York Printers' League, the closed-shop section of the United Typothetae (Association of Employing Printers), whose committee, in conference with representatives of the thirteen unions concerned, adjusts the scale of wages and hours for its 250 members. An award made by the War Labor Board expired on May 1, 1919. As that date approached, the union leaders were given informal assurances by representatives of the Printers' League that if the question were not opened at that time the employers would be disposed to make a satisfactory adjustment of the unions' demand for a forty-four-hour week and an advance of wages on October 1. These assurances

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were accepted, but not until August were the unions able to obtain a formal meeting with the League committee for actual discussion of the question. Meanwhile a Joint Conference Committee of the National Typothetae and the International unions, meeting in Chicago, had agreed that the forty-four-hour week should go into effect on May 1, 1921, and the International officers thereafter set themselves in opposition to the local New York movement for October 1, 1919. Further, the local New York pressmen's union was expelled by their International officers, though their legal status is not yet determined. The New York press feeders had seceded from their International as long ago as 1913.

At the August meeting the League committee met the union representatives in an unyielding spirit, and in the weeks that followed no settlement was reached. Charges of bad faith were made on both sides, and the League committee utilized the split between locals and Internationals to resist the forty-four-hour demand. Factional strife became so severe that members of "loyal" International unions, such as the electrotypers and stereotypers, refused to work with "secessionists" ("local" pressmen and feeders). Although the secessionists as such had signed agreements with the Printers' League, and sat by invitation in every meeting up to the middle of September, 1919, the League committee, after the United Typothetae convention held in New York on September 15-17, resolved to have no further dealings with the secessionists, who were among the most active workers in the forty-four-hour movement. The committee therefore ordered a lockout, effective on October 1, of all pressmen and feeders except those who had withdrawn from their old locals and joined the rival unions organized by the International officers. This lockout is still in effect. In support of the locked-out men, a majority of the members of "Big Six" (the compositors' local union), which has maintained its regular standing with its International, have been and still are individually taking "vacations," no strike having been authorized.

The actual situation is intricate almost beyond belief; certain of the foregoing facts we have been able to establish only by laborious investigation since the lockout began. In view of what was thus learned, The Nation Press, after due notice, on November 5 addressed to the Printers' League a letter from which we take the following extracts:

It is the purpose of The Nation Press, beginning today, to resume operation in all departments, maintaining in their positions, as far as possible, all its employees, without discrimination because of membership in any particular labor organization.

At the outbreak of the present difficulties there was pending no question of any sort between The Nation Press and its employees. . . . As inter-union disputes made it impossible to continue operation, however, we informed our employees that we desired only a prompt and equitable settlement, and that we proposed to resume only with our old employees. Believing that the same desire for a fair settlement animated the League, we signed the pledge to support the action of your committee, as offering the best promise of a just settlement and stability throughout the industry. . . . In view of representations and promises, express and implied, that were held out by representatives of the League, both unofficial and official, as far back as March, 1919, we have become thoroughly satisfied that the men and their leaders had substantial reason for expecting the forty-four-hour week and an increase of pay on October 1, 1919. To us this seems the basic moral fact as regards our contract obligation to our employees, irrespective of the intrigues and the tricky conduct that have taken place on the part of employers and of both factions of employees. . . . In passing, we desire to record our unqualified condemnation of the manner in which the League committee has utilized the present struggle between Internationals and locals to resist the demands of locals upon League members. . . .

We hold . . . that the time has come for a forward step in the internal organization of the industry. . . . We accordingly propose at once to proceed with the development of our own shop along the lines of industrial democracy, which we believe to be the only type of organization possible for the future. . . . We intend to propose for consideration by our men at least the following: (1) Shop organization on the basis of voluntary production, with the sole aim of maximum high-grade output with a minimum of human cost. . . . (2) The institution of a system of profit-sharing, contemplating ultimately the conduct of the enterprise upon a fully coöperative basis, possibly ultimately to include the buyer. (3) The establishment of a shop council similar to those already successfully in operation elsewhere, designed to be the real governing body in our organization. . . . We plan to invite labor leaders to coöperate with us in every way.

The Proper Railroad Action

IT is now obvious that there is not sufficient time remaining before December 31, when the railroads are by Congressional fiat to be returned to their former owners, in which to work out a satisfactory plan. True, the Cummins bill has now been reported to the Senate, with a clause forbidding strikes by railroad employees, but even the Cummins bill does not satisfy all the advocates of a return to the former status. More than that, the peace treaty is still in the way; there are many long days of discussion ahead before that reaches the final vote. Even should that be rapidly disposed of, the railroad problem is too grave and too complex to be passed upon in six weeks. One need only recall the years devoted to the reorganization of our national banking system in order to realize how much time such vital legislation demands. There is, therefore, a growing belief that the only proper action to take now is to pass a bill extending government ownership and operation for a period of two or three years longer; even the advocates of the Plumb plan are urging such a course.

There are many other reasons why this should be done. If the Cummins bill goes through, it will add greatly to the existing unrest. This is not merely because of the Plumb plan. It is only three or four months since the Denver railroad shop employees voted unanimously to call a nation-wide strike of all railroad men if the roads were returned to private ownership. The railroad employees will be further antagonized if, while the roads go back to the old employers, they themselves are deprived of the right to strike, which they consider essential to their liberty, their safety, and their manhood. That such an anti-strike law will be obeyed the labor leaders do not believe; more than that, they notified the defunct industrial conference in Washington that their men were getting out of hand and were beginning even now to talk strike. Since that time strike discussion has gone on vigorously. The farmers, also, are far from pleased at the prospect of the railroads reverting to the old status, though it is not certain what the action of their three national bodies will be. As for the Railroad Administration, it is widely believed in Washington that it would heartily welcome a further delay in the return of the roads, if only because it would get a fairer chance, even in the face of a

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grave coal strike, to show precisely what it is achieving.

But, if the railroad owners are wise, they will themselves urge a delay. It is admitted by their advocates that the railroads will need not less than a billion dollars a year for the next five years with which to make the necessary replacements and provide new rolling-stock. Where can it be obtained today? The railroad owners say that it can be had only by a further increase in rates and by a government guarantee of interest ranging from five and one-half to nine per cent. But that further increase in rates inevitably means a further increase in the cost of living, for Mr. Walker D. Hines, the Director General of Railroads, has himself stated that if it becomes necessary to raise $300,000,000 in additional rates, the consumer will be mulcted at least $1,500,000,000. Granted that Congress will go so far as to guarantee a fixed return upon the stocks and bonds of the railroads—the amount of expenditures and the bookkeeping to be in the hands of the railroads—it is by no means clear that the billion dollars needed annually can be obtained. As for the increase in rates, the lowest figure cited is twenty-five per cent.; there are those who believe it must be forty per cent., and some few think that it will be fifty per cent. What will such an increase do to the volume of business obtainable? What effect will it have in the way of curtailing shipments and of stimulating the motor-lorry?

Again, the Railroad Administration has played fast and loose with the previous routing of freights. Some weak railroads have lost almost their entire freight traffic, being used, for example, for the return of the empty cars which were rushed to the seaboard with troops, supplies, and munitions. It is currently believed that, even if large regional groups are formed at once, many of the weaker railroads will go into receivers' hands just as soon as they pass out of government control. With all the other evils which have followed our plunge into war, this is no time to invite a "financial catastrophe," which Senator Cummins on November 3 said we should witness if the railroads were returned "without adequate legislation." So strongly did he feel this danger that he threatened to seek the displacement of the treaty in order to secure railroad legislation.

The Nation is for such a three-year "moratorium" if only because of the last-named reason. But believing as it does that the Plumb plan, however faulty in detail, points the way to a new and democratic reorganization of the railroads, it naturally is anxious for a longer period during which the proposal can be more carefully studied and laid before the whole people. We are aware, of course, that attacks upon it grow in numbers. Mr. Sisson, of the Guaranty Trust Company, insists that it is not democratic but socialistic; "a scheme for class rule and class profiteering." The railroads should not, he declares, "be delegated to any selfish class." Seeing that there has been no industry in America which of late years has been more selfishly managed than the railroads by two or three small groups of men in Wall Street, or any that has been half so autocratically managed, we are not in the least impressed. The Plumb plan may prove not to be the way out, but for ourselves we prefer to try it rather than to see the Government return the railroads to the handful of men who so utterly mismanaged them and brought them to the verge of collapse before the Government took them over; who now demand that the Government shall pay for all their future mistakes, mismanagement, and corruption, by guaranteeing the dividends—even upon a plundered Rock Island or a gutted New Haven.

Gustav Pollak

BY the death of Gustav Pollak in Cambridge on November 1, American scholarship has suffered a grievous loss, while *The Nation* has been deprived of one of its oldest contributors, and the most loyal and devoted of its friends. For years one of its staff, until he gave all his time to the editing of *Babyhood*, Mr. Pollak never ceased to regard himself and his scholarly pen as in *The Nation's* service. This was in part due to his regard for Wendell Phillips Garrison, for forty-one years its literary editor and for more than half those years its guiding spirit. Between these two men there existed a friendship so complete, so devoted, and so rare as to make any attempt to characterize it seem an intrusion. The one of rugged, uncompromising, New England Abolition stock, the other born of Jewish parentage in Vienna, there was not the difference of a hair's breadth between them in their profound American patriotism, their sound liberalism, their intellectual honesty and courage, their deep learning and unswerving devotion to scientific truth. To both these men *The Nation* owes a debt long since beyond repayment.

Of Mr. Garrison it has been written that he was a man "learned and humble, peaceable but quite unafraid, a soul freed and possessed in quiet"; and the same words apply as well to Gustav Pollak. The very depths of his learning produced that modesty which prevented a wider fame. His knowledge of German literature was encyclopædic and of American hardly less profound. No one wrote with such authority about the Austrian drama or Austrian poetry and no one knew better the political questions and the political history of the ill-fated Dual Monarchy; it was eminently fitting that the Government should have called him to its service during the war that he might edit and collate for it from the Austrian press the significant news of what was going on in that enemy country. These were but two of the numerous fields in which he felt the desire to express himself. He was equally at home in American politics. Like Carl Schurz, he wrote with amazing clarity and purity in the tongue which he did not acquire until he was nineteen years of age, and then mastered in twenty-four months.

It was, of course, of profound influence upon Mr. Pollak's life that he became allied by marriage with three great men of learning, Michael, Louis, and Angelo Heilprin, to whom again *The Nation* owed much of the reputation it acquired under Mr. Garrison for literary accuracy and breadth of information. To their memory Mr. Pollak composed his volume entitled "Michael Heilprin and His Sons"; to the list of his writings must be added "Franz Grillparzer and the Austrian Drama," "International Perspective in Literary Criticism," and "The House of Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg Monarchy." Up to the time of his death, he was at work upon a book of his essays which it will shortly be the proud privilege of The Nation Press to publish, and it is to him that *The Nation* owes the solid volume entitled "Fifty Years of American Idealism," which contains the history of its first fifty years, 1865-1915, illuminated by his own clear and discerning comments. Biased, perhaps, that history was; no one could have been as much of *The Nation* as he and write impartially. As to the man himself, his breadth and liberality, his kindliness and scientific spirit endeared him to all who came into contact with him and profited by his true culture and spiritual nobility.

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Qualified Ratification: A Hope

By AUSTIN HARRISON

FEW people in Old Europe know much about the reasons underlying American opposition to ratification of the League of Nations; the probabilities are that relatively few Americans understand the consequences to Europe of qualification. Yet the question is of cosmic importance. It is in the fullest truth world-decisive.

First, the League. Now the European position is this. We admit the futility of the League, as it is, or rather as its projection hangs, as it were, on the thread of hypothesis, and socialists and all honest thinkers sadly recognize that the League is a capitalist mechanism in control of Europe's stomach. We see with alarm its weakness in its inability to cope with the Rumanian predatory expeditions against a defenceless Hungary; with Polish imperialist campaigns; with pogroms of the Jews; with the financiers' war against the soviet system of Russia; even with a Poet who in his enthusiasm for Italy's "sacred egoism" plays the Pirate conqueror of Fiume solemnly awarded to the Jugoslavs. There are countless other instances of League of Nations futility—Syria, for example, now to be handed over to France though every Arab in the place is bitterly hostile to this peculiar form of "self-determination" *à la* bayonet, and we fought the Mesopotamian War on promises of an Arabian democracy. There is Persia: or *oil* and *military* strategy. There is the peace itself, which defies every principle and concept of the covenant, a peace which broke the "open covenants" to make the old secret covenants of the past, only far more reactionary than the conquerors of Napoleon, and infinitely more vindictive even than its model—Napoleon's peace of Tilsit in 1807.

All this, and more. Yet liberal European opinion hopes that America will ratify. And for this reason. The League represents a new tribunal which cannot entirely fail; i.e., as a potential, it is worth having. This attitude is, of course, political; is frankly opportunistic, hopes not much but still hopes; and that for the nonce is reckoned good enough. These people argue that once the League gets going it will stand. It will be able to adjust, to effect modifications, to adopt judicial views, in time even to re-create. Therefore the League should be tried; at any rate it would hold Old Europe up.

This liberal attitude does not take into account the difficulties which start *ab ovo*. The chief difficulty is obviously the association of a league of creation with a peace which is designedly destructive, so openly that the President of the French Chamber styled it "France's glorious revenge." And this. All decisions have to be *unanimous*. That means negation. If at Paris the Big Four found that they practically had to retire, lock themselves up, even to deliberate, imagine a League obtaining unanimity on anything! On all questions affecting Germany, France's veto will be automatic; on all questions affecting Austria, Italy's veto will be automatic, etc. Moreover, we have the cardinal flaw, that the covenant has no power, whereas the peace has all the power —military, financial, and political.

Now the terms imposed in 1919 are reactionary beyond all comparison with those inflicted by the Holy Alliance after 1815, and they clash with the whole spirit of the covenant—nobody mentions the Fourteen Points here now, except on the music-hall stage. The one thing that is popular in the covenant is the mandate, which is generally interpreted as a euphemism for polite annexation reinsured by the League. Cecil Rhodes never thought of that. The mandate is a godsend for all jingoes. It is plutocracy's imperial blinkers.

However, Liberalism swallows all objections, being afraid of—but this takes me to the core of the matter. Liberalism is afraid of labor, afraid that labor may assume power, may, *horribile dictu*, itself create a league of nations, which would be a very different thing from the League of Saints, or the World's Holy Alliance, model 1919. Labor assuredly would at once remove the slave clauses of the peace, the clauses which empower a conquering nation to enforce nationality upon its victims, the clauses which treat peoples like chattels, and territories as military zones. The Saar Valley annexation is a clear point of vindictive annexation and, far more, of capitalistic slavery, for to work the mines Polish labor is to be imported and, of course, so settled as to be able to outvote the German nation when the time comes for the so-called plébiscite. Then there is the levy-on-capital fear. But enough. What liberalism fears is the *result* of failure on the part of America to ratify and back up a peace which liberalism knows to be evil, vindictive, and from any progressive standard reactionary in the extreme.

Taking the cosmic or historical view, I write deliberately that modifications of the covenant would materially help us in Old Europe to recover our balance and perspective, utterly upset through five years of war and hate. At once we should have to think—always a good thing. At present politicians count entirely on America to back up all their misdeeds, but if America modified or qualified that support our politicians, too, would be compelled to return to sanity. Compelled is the word. For the truth is that conditions control, not men. It is finance which really will control Europe when Europe begins to face her economic problem, and what all politicians will find is that they cannot maintain the vast armies necessary to hold down in subjection the artificial dislocations. What then? Politicians would have to think, that is all. They would have to reckon up the cost of the "sanitary cordon," or military line. They would have to think of markets, trade, prices; they would have to consider whether it was worth while making the world safe for Armageddon the second—if America was not bound by contract to come in. That is the point. American blind ratification implies blind European imperialism. American intelligent modification implies at least dawning European intelligence out of which refreshing condition a true league of nations might conceivably arise.

If America ratifies unconditionally Europe is bound to the chaotic dislocations which even today are reflected in twenty-one points of war and a grand Balkanized Europe. If America sanctions the rebuilding of Europe under the military domination of Paris, Europe will remain a continent of implacable hatreds, of chronic revolution, of militarism. And she is so rebuilt. It is Paris that controls the military line of Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Jugoslavs, Rumanians; of all strange things—Catholic France as in the old

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days of Louis XIV. So history repeats itself. Cromwell, whose life aim was Protestantism, crushed Spain to make the great military power of Louis XIV, who seized Alsace-Lorraine, which again Wellington *refused* to restore to the Germans in 1815. And now once more Europe is under a military Catholic domination dependent upon America; for of this you in the States may be certain, that your qualification of responsibility for European militarism would bring us back to earth quickly and decisively.

What I mean is that we in Britain are not really delighted with Mr. Lloyd George's "fruits"; for we are a sporting people and "revenge" is not our ticket. But the politicians wave the flag. We are so overjoyed over peace that few consider whether we have established conditions of war or not. We are in the glad time of the aftermath. American qualification would hit old scheming Europe in the wind, so to speak. People would begin to think, to consider whether we had not really better have a league of nations, instead of perpetual discord, but if America accepts unconditionally no one will think at all—except labor, who will then perforce think doubly hard. And labor is the coming power, without all doubt. It is a question of helping us to find our New Order equation peacefully or leaving us to reach it physically. America is thus in the position of Solomon. If America thinks, she can make Europeans think. If America does not care to think—well, neither will we. The consequences would be pretty fearful. The League, as it is, has no power, cannot obtain a decision, must remain an academic forum. For what? Men want results today. We have not begun to face the bill. When we do, what?

Intellectual Europeans cannot understand why the President opposes modifications, seeing that it is a public secret that he is profoundly disappointed with the results of Paris, that he nearly quitted Paris in disgust on one occasion; while his own entourage frankly admit that the covenant is futile, as it stands. We Europeans believe the President to be sincere, also that his scheme, if founded on principle, might become a great reality. That is why we hope that the Senate will qualify the American imprimatur, and so force us here to sense and sanity. It comes to this. The League, unless it has power to qualify, can accomplish nothing, but to obtain that power it must itself first be qualified by the one Power that can give it foundations of sincerity. If the world is not yet ready for such a scheme, good, let the League drop. Success will depend upon the American vote.

Let America modify the covenant, and at once the consequences will be seen; they will not be harmful. On the contrary, Europe in turmoil and misery would soon seek President Wilson's help, which he could then give—and give with some decent sincerity, thus leading to sure foundations. We had much better have our crisis and get it over than establish a league of hypocrisy plus permanent chaos. No doubt there would be a crisis and perhaps the fall of a few Governments. We could survive that cheerfully. What really would be, historically and humanly speaking, disastrous would be America's engagement to support unconditionally—that means unintelligently—a re-created Louis XIV Europe ordained by a covenant which in itself means nothing but words of controversy to fence with the conjectures of conjunctures. We look then for your intelligent qualification on the principle of a real covenant or no covenant. In the long run even Louis XIV will be glad of the lead—of a little sincerity.

Great Britain's Political Chaos

By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD

London, September 15

WHOEVER cares to make pretty historical parallels, especially if he has a scriptural inclination, probably thinks of the days of Noah when he glances at English society at the present moment. It is gay, it is extravagant, it is enjoying itself. In its heart it has forebodings. It takes a passing interest in production, but generally only to anathematize workmen; it grumbles at its taxes, but knowing that there are more to come, and as there are a good many "Bradburys" (Treasury notes issued on no basis of precious metals or wealth of any kind except the credit of the nation) in our people's pockets, it refuses to anticipate the coming troubles; a few write doleful letters to *The Times*, or, like the Duke of Northumberland, one of our greatest owners of coal-bearing land, rage from the platform and issue rather stupid but none the less significant leaflets on Bolshevism, "direct action," nationalization, and other hair-raising topics. But society, in the mass, is waiting and is making the best of things, denying itself few luxuries except those that cannot be had, having gone through a most pleasant shooting and golfing season, and altogether drowning the memories of the war in "marrying and giving in marriage."

But in the places where Fate sits imperturbably working out its designs much is happening. In politics, the series of bye-elections has deprived the Government of any little shred of political or moral authority which stuck to it after its triumph last December, and as I write the air is full of rumors of a new election, of new coalitions, of broken political friendships cemented and cemented friendships broken. I believe an early election to be inevitable, though not perhaps this year. Representative government can be abused, but then, like a mishandled machine, it will not work. Mr. Lloyd George in December got a majority, but did not get a Parliament except in name. Nothing in modern times has done so much damage as our last election to the moral respect and authority of democracy, and something must happen soon to make a fresh start. Nothing can do that but an election.

Meantime, the question is: Who is to fight? The coalition gets more and more disjointed and steadily dissolves into its varied parts. But our Prime Minister remains, resourceful, tricky, demagogish, ready to attach himself to any popular movement that is creative, distrusted by most people and yet recognized by all as being by no means at the end of his tether. As the country has no definite opinions and is settling down to pursue no definite policy, the peculiar genius of Mr. Lloyd George keeps him still at the center of the stage and retains for him the support of all the interests that are afraid of too great a change. Still, while they support him, they do not feel secure. Their backing is of the nature of a gamble which they hope will come

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out all right. He may command them to jettison some of their cargoes, but they hope he may save their ship.

The Prime Minister, however, must have an organized following. At the last election he had the use of the whole Conservative organization and a good part of the Liberal one as well, and practically the whole press. Now the Conservative organization is doubtful. It is no secret that keen Conservative politicians are sulky and suspicious. They wish a different type of man. Liberal associations do not trust him except where they are dominated by coalition Liberal members of Parliament, and hardly a week passes but one or other of these utters threatening criticisms. Thanks mainly to the feebleness of the parliamentary Labor party, the free Liberals and their leader, Sir Donald Maclean, have strengthened themselves considerably, and though I doubt if Mr. Asquith has improved his personal position in the country, the political section to which he belongs has.

But amongst the average people, there is a feeling that all the old parties are more or less discredited. There lies the opportunity of the Labor party. Its failure in Parliament has reduced its respect there until it is impossible to meet a dozen members who will praise it. For this reason the active Liberal politicians who have come over to labor have joined the Independent Labor party and not the individual section of the Labor party. However, the failure which has weakened the party in Parliament and amongst keen politicians has rather helped it amongst ordinary people. The party has been negative; it has raised no awkward question; it has disturbed no one's equanimity. Therefore, at a time when the most powerful political emotion is not concerned with policy but with a general loss of confidence and with a feeling that something new should be tried, a dark horse which has excited interest is perhaps the best thing to draw miscellaneous support.

The attitude of the press to the party repays careful study. As a whole, the press accepts the possibility of a Labor government. But it wants that Labor government to be a thing of its own making. It therefore continues to oppose all the characteristic and essential points of a labor programme, like nationalization and the conscription of wealth, and continues to hold up the bogy of Bolshevism and "direct action." Thus it keeps the whip hand on the fears of the people and disturbs their complete confidence in a Labor government. At the same time, whilst carrying on a ceaseless vendetta against certain labor leaders, like Mr. Smillie, who is far and away the ablest and the most untarnished-minded of the purely trade union leaders of our day, it selects others like Mr. Clynes, who is a man of pretty and easy speech but of no power of judgment or action, for as ceaseless praise. This is the best game that can be played at present. If successful, a Labor government would be returned on unstable opinion, would be manned by men who would be feeble in action, and would speedily be overtaken by the same fate as is now overwhelming the coalition. It would also probably secure a divided Labor party with the active men in the constituencies on one side and the parliamentary majority and management on the other. Thus, such a labor government would be but the prelude to a conservative rule of at least a quarter of a century in this country. That is undoubtedly the definite design of a section of very clear-headed politicians in this country. They are deliberately working for the situation which will enable them to say: "Heads, I win; tails, you lose."

So much for the definite alignment of parties. But there is still the possibility of a new coalition, and at the time of writing, rumor is busy about this. Now I must return again to Mr. Lloyd George. His great chance is to effect some electoral combination which will put political machinery at his disposal. He will have a remnant of Liberal associations, and he will have the allegiance of some of the coalition Liberal members. But will he have the Conservatives? I doubt it, as I have said. In any event, he is not likely to trust to them alone. He once said that he was too wide awake to make Mr. Chamberlain's blunder in that respect. I am certain that his eye is upon the Labor party. We shall hear from him more speeches like that which he delivered at the City Temple on brotherhood two days ago. He has the moral flare of the Celt, and there are many people who read moral declarations as though they were political programmes. The mass of active trade unionists and Labor politicians will not be influenced. He has deceived them too often. If, however, a Lloyd George-Labor coalition were formed it would rend the Labor party in twain. I think, however, that the Labor party will fight an election with free hands, and will wait on the results before committing itself to any policy of coöperation. The Parliament that will be returned will be one of groups, the solid parties being Conservative and Labor, and the number of free members will be unusually large.

At the moment the only active political propaganda carried on in the country is by the Labor party, but nine-tenths of this is from Independent Labor party platforms which are busier than ever they have been and which have been greatly strengthened by recent Liberal defections. The Liberals are now to make a beginning of their own, but I hear that the meetings which they have held have not been conspicuously successful. On Labor platforms, Russia has been far and away the most popular subject, and for some time, except for such topics as profiteering, domestic conditions have had wonderfully little attention paid to them.

The explanation is that something more internal has been demanding the attention of the party. Wars are always followed by revolutionary conditions. During the war the Government menaced labor with bounce (as in its Munitions Act) and faced it with cowardice (as in the 10 per cent. increase in wages near the end of the war). This encouraged all the revolutionary elements in trade unionism. Then the election came, and the low appeal made to the people, the balderdash which was swallowed, the mob temperament which determined the issues, held up democracy to contempt. Hence, for a time, there arose a "dictatorship of the proletariat" movement. It never knew exactly what it wanted, but it was a good protest in which the younger trade unionists were prepared to join. Its definite issue was a flood of opinion in favor of "direct action." The supporters of this movement were divided into two sections. There were those, never numerous, who wish to substitute "direct action" for "parliamentary action." And there were those who wished to supplement the latter by the former. This latter was, on the whole, the position of the Independent Labor party; this was the view of the Labor party conference at Southport; this, I think, would have won a majority at the Trades Union Congress just concluded in Glasgow had the issue been put to it. The Independent Labor party's position is quite clear. Parliament is only Parliament when it is representative. This Parliament, is, however, not representative; therefore, for the defense

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of representative government, mass democracy is entitled to act, first of all, on great issues like the unconstitutional war against the Russian Government, and in the next place to bring down the government and compel it to go to the country again. Thus, "direct action" is only part of political action.

There were also two sections of the opposition to "direct action." Some declared for a kind of divine right of any Parliament to demand obedience whilst it was a Parliament, and unwittingly revived the Leviathan state of Hobbes. They described "direct action" as being "unconstitutional," "illegitimate," and so on, basing themselves on principle. The other section was more careful not to commit itself to such an impossible position, and contented itself by pointing out that the "mind of direct action" was a dangerous thing to encourage; that the practical difficulties in its way were all but unsurmountable; that an active political propaganda resulting in crushing government defeats at bye-elections would do what "direct action" was designed to do and would, at the same time, lead democracy to a rational and responsible frame of mind. There was, indeed, very little difference between these and the Independent Labor party, and the combination of these two now controls Labor opinion. The position is therefore as follows: Working-class leaders, both in politics and industry, have behind them a revolutionary ferment which is producing abnormal trade union activities, declining to be put in chains by Whitley councils or even by agreements of a national kind between capital and labor, and demanding direct control of the conditions of industry. Like all revolutionary movements it has its bad features. It will not accept necessary discipline, it is apt to be sectional and local, it fights for its own hand; but these features tend to disappear.

Its practical positive achievements have been plentiful. It has raised the standards of wages and shortened hours of labor, and if these, when the balance is struck, by including their effect upon prices, are not nearly so great as they appear upon paper, they are considerable, nevertheless, and have pegged out claims which will have to be considered in the final settlement. Their influence upon profiteering, housing, and other social legislation has been very considerable, and if today we are swinging on to better lines of Russian policy and the Allied Council in Paris is beginning to show a glimmer of common sense in this respect, this is almost wholly due to the threats of "direct action" made particularly through the Triple Alliance by the miners and the railway servants. The election of last December encouraged the government to engage in all the follies of the possessors of a blank check given by fools; the threat of "direct action" stopped the complete cashing of the check and warned the government that it would have to deal with men in authority who regarded it as entitled to no respect.

No sooner was there an appearance of settlement of Russian affairs than a new reason for maintaining an armed trade unionism was given. The events of the Coal Commission are now well known. The recommendations of the Sankey report are equally well known. Mr. Bonar Law stated in the House of Commons that he had never committed himself to the Sankey report and quoted his carefully chosen and hedged words as a proof of that. Verbally, he may have a case; actually, he has none. He gave the miners to understand that the government would accept the general decisions of the commission, and if the miners deceived themselves, Mr. Bonar Law cannot be acquitted of the charge of being a party to the deception. This has raised the question of nationalization in an acute form, and has unfortunately linked with it a renewed feeling of contempt for the government. Mr. Lloyd George's attitude is regarded as being a surrender to exploiting interests, and is classed with his failure to deal with profiteers. Hence, on every Labor platform today instance after instance is being given of huge dividends being paid by companies, enormous issues of bonus shares from reserve profits, over-capitalization into which war profits are being sunk to remain a permanent charge upon normal industry. The political cry of nationalization has thus become a conflict between industrial capital and labor, and trade unionism as such is to range itself in the armies fighting for its settlement. That is the view of the Trade Union Congress; that gives significance to the congress. The government, if pressed, may decide to make nationalization an election issue. If so, labor will be united as labor has never been before, and the issue of a class struggle will be raised with a baldness which it has not assumed hitherto in this country. Meanwhile, the Miners' Federation awaits the closing up of the ranks of labor round about it, and is content with its triumphs at the Trades Union Congress. The new president of the Parliamentary Committee is Mr. J. H. Thomas, who, whatever his own opinions may be, is the chief official of a union which will undoubtedly back the miners in either industrial or political action. But Mr. Thomas himself belongs to the center in the controversy over "direct action," and if events force it, he will know how to use his position.

Such is the chaotic state of Great Britain today. The dangers we are facing are critical and concern our future existence at its most vital point. Observers must not forget, however, that it is the natural condition after a war, though it has been deplorably worsened by the special shortcomings of Mr. Lloyd George's genius, nor must they forget that it is the unsettlement of a transition time and that, hidden under the surface disturbance and beaten down by its noise, are great constructive ideas and leaders of much moral and personal authority. At any moment, the hidden thing may come to the surface. It is a time for coöperation. This is being dinned into our ears, but under conditions and from mouths that secure little response for the appeal. The mistake lies here. The coöperation that is asked for is that of servitude. The rulers wish to remain rulers and to attach labor to themselves. They wish for coalition which will compel men to support everything done by the joint rulers. Labor has had its warning against that, and if it went back to that Egypt it would go, as I have said, in rents and tatters. The coöperation that is required is that of honest and responsible men, holding different views, putting their ideas into a common pool, fighting out their differences under conditions which will not damage national well-being. That, the authorities will not have; that, the press is doing its best to prevent; that is a true policy of national unity, but what is wanted by those in the position to make their will effective is a unity which preserves the essential features of the *status quo*, from personal diplomacy to profiteering, modified, maybe, but vigorously there.

So the strike and unsettlement, the gamble and the drift continue, and we must content ourselves by hoping that a general election will give the nation a better government, will restore some means of reason to Westminster, some moral authority to Parliament, some trust in representative democracy, and open up a new chapter in our national life.

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The Furnaces

By WILLIAM J. FIELDING

I AM on the night shift. Twelve hours of wrestling with the molten mass of iron in a temperature that ordinary thermometers are not made to register fags one out. Yet it is hard to rest on a sticky summer's day in a hot bed that was occupied the night before. So I spent three hours this morning in an easy chair in Jake's saloon. "Jake the Painter" they call him, although he is not an artist, nor a dauber. But his basement is cool, and the musty smell of ale and beer is soothing to a man who has breathed fiery air the night before. I had several beers, and then turned into bed, tired and sleepy, quite unmindful of the heat.

It was a restless sleep. And I awoke suddenly in a daze, lathered with perspiration, my brain reeling like a spent top. The dream was what upset me. I dreamed about Steve Brodsky, the big Pole who only last week was buried under a carload of iron ore in the stockhouse. Nobody saw him get it or knew just how it happened. He went to fill his iron push-cart and did not return. We found the cart near the freshly dumped ore—it was too near. We all knew something had happened, and started to dig. I uncovered his foot first, and tried to pull him out, but his boot came off, and then his stocking. His foot was still warm, but white as chalk under the dirt. It was ghastly—that bare, limp foot sticking out of the ore-pile. . . . Less than half an hour ago we rolled our cigarettes together out by the scales. I still can see him puffing intently to get a light just before the flame flickered out. And now. . . .

We shoveled like madmen, even though it was hopeless. But it took our minds off Steve, and we removed tons of ore from his crushed, lifeless body. He was broken and battered beyond recognition. His bare foot was all that looked natural—and peaceful. His face, his whole head was mutilated horribly by the ore that fell upon him. Even his hands, calloused and grimy, were bruised and covered with dirty blood. But his foot still looked like a part of a human being.

I dreamt that when we got him on the stretcher he moved. It was uncanny, and I was all worked up. Then I awoke, dazed and bewildered. I was glad to be awake, so that I could think, and calm myself. Of course, it wasn't so. . . . I *knew* he did not move! . . .

Most of the time I work around the iron-hole in the cast-house. Long Jim Harwood is my partner. He is the strongest man at the plant, a rough and ready character, but a good sort when you understand him. Jim can do as much work as two ordinary men, and not blow about it either, which is unusual for a big fellow. But he will not stand to have it rubbed in. When a new Tech-school boss, imbued with class-room notions and ideas of Taylorized efficiency, comes to supervise us, with his strange combination of theories and ignorance, it takes Jim to set him right. He knows the whims and ways of a blast furnace as a born hostler knows a horse. And in his crude way he knows something of human nature, too.

Jim is a bear in a rough-house scrap and can wade through his weight in wild cats, but he is not a bully. They say before he got stiffened up by hard work and youthful dissipations he was a modern gladiator. We are the only two white men in the cast-house. . . . The rest are Poles, Slavs, Finns, Letts, and Bohunks. Even the foundry foreman is a Hunkie, American born. But he uses us right. All the foreigners respect us, though—Jim because of his fighting prowess, and me because I talk their lingo, I guess. I can swear in six languages to perfection. Three I speak with fluency in a general way. And in the others I can make myself understood, more or less, but when at a loss for words I can always curse without hesitancy like a native. . . .

Twice each shift we tap the furnace, breaking through the crust of clay and half-chilled iron. First we bore with a sharp steel drill and then pound away on the long iron bars that are forced into the reservoir of molten metal. It comes meekly creeping through the new-made hole, when things go right, a little stream of vivacious golden fluid, soft, serpentine, gently surging with life, and fascinating to look upon. We coax it along with wooden poles, and tease it with our proddings, which it grows to resent, and becomes angry, snapping and snarling at the provoking sticks, devouring them at the point of contact.

It takes a sudden spurt. The stream gushes forth into a volume, scolding and steaming, roaring and hissing, all the while eating out a larger passageway through the confining walls of its egress. No longer meek, it strives to conquer, as if conscious of its growing power, and wallowing in its fury, with a hundred tons behind it urging it onward, pushing it outward, forward to freedom from its crucible prison.

(Freedom! It has reckoned without its host. Man, who is the slave of men, is master of nature's forces and harnesser of the elements. He rises to conquer majestic, universal agencies, in themselves irrepressible, irresistible—playing one against the other to their undoing and to his gain, until they capitulate at his feet. Man the master of infinite forces! Man the slave of finite men!)

Onward from its crucible prison comes the surging flow of liquid fire. It is now a mass of golden fluid, no longer a soft, serpentine trickle, gently creeping, feeling its way. It becomes a current of luminous metal, a gushing stream of glorious amber, throwing sparks of boundless passion, rushing on, and on, and on. Revengeful for incarceration, it boils with rage, bitter with a hateful vengeance, and burning with a quenchless fury. So it sweeps on, remorseless, carrying death in its golden touch, destruction in its liquid bulk; invincible, overwhelming, with visions to conquer and despoil.

But the traps are set. "Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad"—so man has learned the moral well. Blindly rushing on and on, following the lines of least resistance, nature's inexorable law, the molten mass is led into diverging channels, thus dividing its strength and destroying its unity, without which all is lost. Unsuspecting, it finds its way into inglorious molds craftily laid by the master mind that has harnessed the forces of nature. In its helpless isolation it chills into a new form. The spirit passes on. The passion dies. Again imprisoned, but in death impotent and unprotesting, it has passed through another cycle of existence in a universe of cycles that affect all matter. Once a proud, flaming, irrepressible fluid, pos-

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sessing indescribable beauty, the embodiment of incalculable energy . . . now a cold, mute, spiritless bulk, prosaic in form and name—pig-iron!

Have you ever noticed it? Most people are so like the product they make, living effigies of their sordid output, fitting into the prepared grooves of their existence like the uniform cogs of a machine, moving only on schedule devised by custom and tradition, twin tyrants of the race. So they mechanically function, unyielding to reason, destitute of the unshackled spirit, devoid of the restless urge of originality, deprived of the divine spark of imagination—without a vestige of the inspiring visions that raise one above the parochial scale of the multitude, with its petty prejudices, its pathetic dogmatism, and its exaggerated notions of the importance of the little niche into which each of us is flung by the whim of fate.

So I see them here—resembling men in outward appearance, but going through their daily grind like wound-up automata: mobile, yet static—articulate, yet mute—mostly cold, spiritless hulks, dull, sere, and visionless, unthrilled by the cosmic purpose, the products of their environment—admirable for producing pig-iron, but as for men—pigmen! . . .

Last Sunday there was another wedding at Wentzler's Hall. It was the fourth in as many weeks, which is remarkable considering the queer antipathy of brides to the hot weather. John Buntz and Mary Penock were married this time, with all the ceremony of Hungarian tradition transplanted to alien shores. There were special decorations of flimsy varicolored bunting and wild ferns from the woods. Volk's orchestra furnished the music, playing real Magyar airs and accompanying Hungarian folksongs between the lively peasant dances.

Everyone, free and informal, tried to grasp some straws of comfort from the baking atmosphere, all except the bride, whom custom had decreed to suffer in wedding gown and streaming veils—a sadly mimicked fashion-plate. The withered flowers drooped on the crest of her fulsome bosom, itself in the bloom of early summers and ripened by the primal urge that stirred within her latent being a passion thrill and subtle yearning.

The bar was free and open to all. The cool drinks led the guests to forget the heat of the day and their tribulations of the past, as they did the trials in store for the fêted bride and groom. John and Mary were not used to receiving such homage. They were plainly disconcerted. But they feigned to enjoy it. It would soon be over, and would never happen again. After all, wasn't it wonderful? Confused by the whirling scene unfolding before their eyes, they hardly dared to realize that they held the centre of the stage and basked in the glow of the spotlight. They were showered with congratulations for a long and happy life and unmeasured married bliss by those who knew the phrases only as futile fiction. It was funny, too, the many children they had wished on them by infant-burdened parents! . . .

How strange it is that the passing years sap the romance of life as well as the beauty, and how the new inventions—labor-saving devices, they call them, and multipliers of wealth—have taken the color, the creative zest, and the novelty out of work, and left it a husk, a dead mechanical grind, a cut-and-dried function of physical drudgery, without a soul. . . .

It seems but yesterday when, as a boy, on a late summer's evening, I sauntered down the cinder-dump between the cool, hazy woods and the oozy marshland, to see the grandest sight the eyes could behold. The ruddy sun, glowing with the satisfaction of a perfect day's reign and unquestioned supremacy, had faded far below the horizon and left the visible world, glad at the soothing reaction, in the possession of quiet shadows, and under the lazy observance of the retiring moon. Like an indelible picture, I can see the little dinky engine—proud and boldly self-assertive, vain as most small animated things are—struggling up the great bank of furnace refuse with the heavy cinder-tub, a clumsy crucible on wheels, brimming with its molten cargo.

The trainman turned a lever and slowly the great iron tub listed to one side, disgorging its fiery contents down the side of the hill, like the fervent outpouring of a miniature volcano. The liquid fire that gushed from that gaping maw lighted up the slumbering heavens with a glow of exquisite beauty. The fluid mass spread into a gorgeous covering of soft-toned golden lustre, like a giant Oriental rug of untold value, woven by some master artist, a genius of the royal craft, for the mad Sultan's harem. Gradually the gold turned to burnished copper, and slowly to an ashen gray, with only the field of vivid heat waves rising to remind one of the obliterated vista.

One time when a loaded cinder tub was being pushed to its destination by the dinky engine, the molten charge exploded in the crucible. The mass of liquid fire dropped like a torrent of hellish hail all about the little locomotive. The engineer and the two trainmen were burned to a crisp, like pieces of charred wood in human form, their features and flesh resembling mummies. And a young boy who was just riding on the train for fun was burned the worst of all.

I was afterwards glad I had to cut wood that day and run errands, or I might have been with him, for he was my playmate. The other boys felt that way, too. We had never before seen death in this form—for a little boy. And for months we spoke of Eddie with hushed voices. It took a long while for the blow to wear off. A companion's death before had usually meant some sickness, a crisis, the shock of his passing away, and then we solemnly gathered at his funeral and took a last look at our departed comrade, resting peacefully, beautiful and white, like a piece of sculptured marble. But this—God!—this was devastating death, black and horrifying.

It is too ghastly to describe, seeing men who had been toasted to a cinder and a boy who had been cremated alive by this unbridled fountain of fire that is the embodiment of such majestic beauty. But beautiful, spectacular things—geological, biological, and other—always have been dangerous and deadly. Now, thanks to man's ingenuity, they run the lava-like fluid into a water cooler near the cast house, and dump the cold, dead ashes out on the cinder heap, or ship it away in cars for commercial purposes, like taking the by-products of the pig to market. . . .

My dinner pail awaits. I must be up and going. The night shift men are tramping by, grim and stolid soldiers of industry, drilled well into the discipline of their rank, respecting the status of their caste, marshalled for the ordeals of the siege—a campaign without thrill or enthusiasm—that continues to the mortal end. A struggle without reward or glory on a field of countless casualties, in battles that bring the pain of wounds and injuries, or the eternal silence of death, but never, never victory!

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The Rune Master

By PADRAIC COLUM

Arch-scholar they'll call you,
Kuno Meyer,
One knowing the word
Behind the word;
Man of learning,
And of the world too,
Keen and polished.
But who will tell them
Of the blackbird
That your heart held?
On an old thorn-tree
By a lonely rath
You heard him sing,
And with Runes you charmed him,
Till he stayed with you,
Giving clear song.

He sang o'er all
That Maravaun
Told King Guiré;
And he told you how
Bran heard the singing
Of a lovely woman
And sailed for Faerie;
And how slain princes
Kept tryst with women
Loved beyond
The pain of death,
In days when still
The boat of Mananaun
Bore towards Eirinn.

Arch-scholar they'll name you—
Nay, Rune-master!
You found in texts,
Not words only,
But Runes of old times,
And when you spoke them
A curlew cried
Over grass-waste Tara;
A cuckoo sang
From the height of Cashel,
And an eagle flew
From Emain Macha.

Ocón, ocón,
That we'll see no more
In the Eastern, or
The Western worlds
Your great head over
The lectern bending
Nor hear your lore
By a pleasant fireside!
Yet the Runes you read
Have given us more
Than the sword might win us:
May kind saints of Eirinn
Be beside you,
Where birds on the Living
Tree sing the Hours.

In the Driftway

WHEN William Howard Taft said the other day in Baltimore that humanity was in the doldrums, The Drifter could not help feeling that the deponent was confused in his sea geography. Had he said we were on our beam ends in the Red Sea, or trying to weather Cape Fear on short tacks in the teeth of a gale, or dragging our anchors off the Barbary Coast, it would correspond more to what The Drifter has gathered from reading the headlines in the sporting extras. He thinks he can speak with authority of the doldrums, as that is the champion driftway of the world, and in the days when he was acquiring his reputation in that respect by going down to the sea in deep-water windjammers, the name was applied to the nebulous zone about the Equator where one lost the North Atlantic trades before he picked up the breezes the other side of the Line. There one might roll about for days in the same spot with sails slatting, masts whining, halyards purring, blocks banging; the air as humid by day as that of a Turkish bath; the stars so near and numerous by night that one could almost reach up and gather them by the handful; the Old Man fuming in his cabin at the delay; the crew longing for the pubs of Liverpool and consigning thrice daily to the Land of Brimstone the cook, along with all his burgoo, salt horse, and hard-boiled spuds.

* * * * *

MR. TAFT'S experience has been different. When he was travelling man for T. Roosevelt and Company, Washington and Oyster Bay, he did not bother with windjammers, and about all the doldrums could mean to him was a night when he had to keep the electric fan going in his cabin, and a day when even lolling on deck in a steamer chair was too strenuous exercise. But this seems to tally even less well with present conditions in the world. Ahoy, Skipper Taft! Aren't you out in your navigation? In this cloudy weather you must have failed to get a meridian altitude for many days, and if you are working out your position by Sumner-St. Hilaire, you are all askew.

* * * * *

TO The Drifter our clipper ship does not appear to be dallying in the doldrums, but ploughing through the Roaring Forties under double-reefed tops'ls about four bells of the gravy-eye watch, an icy wind bellowing out from the region of the Horn, two feet of water in the lee scuppers, and a couple of men lashed to the wheel. The captain is below wrestling with his Bowditch and the Nautical Almanac; the second mate is on deck vainly hoping to get an azimuth of the sulking sun; the bo's'n has just knocked the German senseless against the break of the poop, thumped the Chink over the head with a rope fender, and is threatening the Dago with the toe of his boot. The crew is discouraged, angry, and without confidence in its officers, but it has no intention of giving up the ship. Like all good sailors, these men have an infinite capacity for patience and hardship. They are ready still to follow any voice that they can trust, and to respond on the jump even though it thunder at the forec's'le door in the dead of night: "Tumble out, the port watch! All hands tail on the main brace!" Ahoy, Skipper Taft! You are not in the doldrums. Get out your sounding machine and stand by with the lead! You are approaching the coast of a New World.

THE DRIFTER.

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Foreign Correspondence

The British Railway Strike

London, October 4

LESS than a month ago the wicked men were the miners, and their demand for "direct action" was the first step, we were warned, on the road to national ruin. The super-bogy was their leader, Robert Smillie, whose Bolshevist policies were contrasted with the safe and sane counsels of such trustworthy guides as Clynes and Thomas. The election of Thomas as President of the Trade Unions Congress was welcomed as a sign that the British working-man, after all, was a steady-going and peace-loving fellow, incapable of causing any anxiety to the defenders of the public order. But today it is Thomas and his followers that are "striking a deadly blow against the country's life in the hour of the country's need" and trying to impose their will upon the state by methods of "tyranny and oppression." Never before, in so short a time, was an angel of mercy transformed into a fiend.

Who is really to blame for the present crisis? Everybody. The "general community," so ready to commiserate itself as the innocent victim of the strike, is partly responsible for it. As long as it could get the services it wanted, it regarded with indifference the struggles of the railway man for an improvement of the deplorable conditions under which he has been working for years. Nothing short of a strike, or the threat of one, could suffice to wake up the travelling or shareholding public to the fact that anything was wrong. As long as there were plenty of comfortable trains, running on time and paying satisfactory dividends, why should anyone trouble about justice between the employers and the employed?

The railwaymen themselves, with all allowance for the sore trial of their patience, cannot escape blame for the suddenness of a decision which could not but threaten the whole organized life of the country with disaster. If they had only stayed their hands for a few days, there would have been time to instruct a public opinion hitherto ill-informed, and they would thereby have won to their side a multitude whom they have now alienated.

But what shall we say of the Government? Nothing could have been more provocative than the policy it has pursued for many months past. It has dilly-dallied and dawdled, postponing the solution of urgent problems, and creating an atmosphere of suspicion and resentment which has grievously hampered the efforts of everybody who was working for conciliation. The men had good ground for the belief that the Government was controlled by malign interests that did not intend to treat them fairly. It had not even taken the trouble to master the relevant facts. Sir Robert Horne pleads that the country cannot afford to carry the burden that would be cast upon it by granting the men's demands. It may be pointed out in reply that it seems able, at any rate, to afford the most lavish waste throughout the public service, to say nothing of seventy millions spent on intervention in Russia; that the Government has permitted a 100 per cent. rise in the price of coal in order that the miners should have their £4 or £5 a week, while the railways have added nothing to their goods rates since the beginning of the war and only fifty per cent. to their passenger fares; and that it is a question whether any industry may be legitimately carried on if its workers cannot be paid a decent wage. Whether such arguments count for little or much, we have now made the amazing discovery that the Government has no trustworthy figures to give as to the difference in cost between its own offer and the men's demands. At the fateful conference on the eve of the strike, Sir Eric Geddes confessed, in reply to an inquiry by the Prime Minister, that he could not confirm the financial statement he had submitted, and asked for time to go into it again. The Government does not even know whether it has been running the railways at a profit or at a loss. Even *The Times* calls for a statement of accounts that the taxpayer can accept as beyond controversy.

The whole story of the negotiations is the record of one blunder after another. It was a huge mistake to entrust so much authority in the matter to Sir Eric Geddes, whose "whispered aside" to the Prime Minister during the discussion killed one of Mr. Thomas's most hopeful attempts at a settlement. In estimating the effect of such incidents on the attitude of the men, we have to remember, as *The Manchester Guardian* remarks, "the psychological effect of many years of dealings with one of the most obstinate and dictatorial railway managers of the country." If Sir Eric, in continuance, had shown during the negotiations one-half of the desire of Mr. Lloyd George to come to an understanding, there would probably have been no strike. The whole result of the conference was to leave upon the men's minds the impression that the influences in control of the Government were eager for a stand-up fight. "Never in all my history as a negotiator," says Mr. Thomas, "have I met with such an insolent and overbearing temper as was displayed in the conferences of last week."

This lack of tact—to put it very mildly—has been conspicuous in the action of the Government ever since the beginning of the strike. First of all, there was Mr. Lloyd George's declaration that the inspiration of the whole thing came from an anarchist conspiracy—an assertion as absurd as it was mischievous. It is refuted not only by the orderly behavior of the strikers, but also by the refusal of the leaders to enlarge the area of conflict by bringing in other unions that were restrained with difficulty from making common cause with them. In the same manifesto of Mr. Lloyd George there was also an inexcusable misrepresentation of the reception by Mr. Thomas of his appeal for more time before a decision was taken. The men complain further of official statements, issued during the strike, which greatly exaggerate the number of trains being run and the number of strikers returning to work. Add to this the suspicion aroused by the military activities against which so distinguished a soldier as Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice has made a public protest. The spectacle of troops with Lewis guns and steel helmets at Paddington station and 500 naval men—"volunteers" though they may professedly be—employed on the North British and Caledonian railways does not assist conciliation. During the last day or two we have had the official order that the strikers are not to receive their pay for the last week they were at work—a step which may be technically justifiable according to the Law of Contract, but which is naturally interpreted, in the circumstances, as a new act of injustice. There is now the demand on the part of the Government that the strikers shall return to work as a condition of the resumption of negotiations. The effect of this upon the minds of the men can best be realized, as Mr. Thomas suggests, if one sup-

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poses it had been the other way—if the railwaymen had demanded that the Government should stop its motor transport before they would agree to talk.

In such a crisis as this there are two things that the country might reasonably expect from its Government. In the first place, it should see that all vital national needs are supplied—a duty that devolves upon it whether the emergency is caused by a strike, or an invasion, or an earthquake. But at the same time it should leave no stone unturned to bring about a satisfactory settlement. The first of these responsibilities it has so far discharged with admirable zeal and ability. The second it has almost entirely neglected. It might at least have summoned Parliament, which is now in recess and will not meet, in the normal course, until the 22d. The executive of the Railwaymen's Union has been blamed by many for declaring a strike without first consulting its constituent members. The Government is doing precisely the same thing when it ignores the Parliament from which it derives its own authority. There is nothing like a parliamentary debate for clearing up a tangled controversy, and widespread support has been given to the plea of Lord Robert Cecil and other prominent men that there should be no longer delay in utilizing this means of a settlement. Its practicability is all the greater because the protagonist of the men is himself a member of the House—this is the first strike, by the way, that has ever been led by a Privy Councillor—and their case could therefore be stated at first-hand. It is passing strange that Parliament should thus be treated as a nonentity by the very people who are most concerned to strengthen its authority as against the advocates of a soviet system or of "direct action."

The pressing need of the moment is the devising of some scheme that, while saving the face of both sides to the dispute, will do substantial justice to the railwaymen. The real question at issue is whether the men, especially in the more poorly paid grades, are to receive wages which, when allowance is made for prices, are a substantial advance upon the pre-war standard; or whether their real wages are to be merely the equivalent of the wages they received in 1914 and lower than the real wages that many of them are receiving today. The same question is going to arise in every other industry, and there is much to be said for *The Westminster Gazette's* suggestion that some impartial authority, like the Industrial Council, should thresh out this whole matter of the relation of wages and prices, and work out a sliding scale for all trades. It can only be such a "peace without victory" that will ever free the country from the perpetual menace of chaos and revolution.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Contributors to this Issue

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Music

Rachmaninoff and Prokofieff

THE two Sergeis, Rachmaninoff and Prokofieff, and that youthful iconoclast, Leo Ornstein, have again broken their musical lances upon the New York public—this time within the same week; and again one realizes that the partisanship they arouse has a deeper significance than the mere friendly rivalry of three composer-pianists. It marks, in reality, the continuation of a conflict between two widely different points of view in creative art—a conflict that has grown all the sharper during the past few years, when the future has so rapidly become the present and men have been forced to see life as it is rather than as they want it to be. The conflict, in this instance, is all the plainer, because all three men are Russians.

Rachmaninoff belongs to the old Russia—the Russia of the Romanovs, with its ardent romanticism and gorgeous pageantry, its dreams and fantasies and superstitions. The sighs and raptures of twenty years ago breathe through even his latest works; and though he always plays musically, he frequently displays a tendency to sentimentalize to an extent that not only borders on insincerity but often disturbs the continuity of his interpretations. This was noticeable throughout a programme that began with the Beethoven sonata, Op. 31, and ended with the Liszt-Gounod valse from "Faust"; and it gave a certain archaic quality to his style, so that even his own pieces seemed to have collected the dust of years upon their pages. Rachmaninoff has given us much that is beautiful, much that is picturesque; but little that has great depth. Passion is there, but it is the passion of the aristocrat, tempered by a certain habit of refinement, and expending itself without reaching any real climax. And because the era of aristocracy already seems far away, what he says to-day is merely the last word of a message that has already been delivered, and can only evoke images of the past.

We are living so swiftly and so intensely just now that even the music of an Ornstein or a Prokofieff, which only last year we dubbed "futuristic," has already become merged into our mental background. This is because both Ornstein and Prokofieff are realists, both are trying to depict life in all its phases. To do this, they have deliberately added ugliness to their artist's creed of beauty, because ugly things, like anger and hate, are among the realities. Ornstein gave us the one this year; Prokofieff gave us the other last season in a group of moods called Sarcasms. Both obtained their effects by using sound as a painter uses his pigments—as a means to an end, rather than as an end in itself. The result is not always music, but it is singularly vivid in its characterization.

Ornstein is a curious mixture of this realism and the physical unrest that before the war found refuge in occultism, and musical expression in Scriabine. His is purely a religion of the senses, distilled through the imagination. As for his work, it is exceedingly impressionistic, often lacking in rhythm and clarity of outline. At times his playing is distorted by uncontrolled outbursts of feeling; while again the tortured mask reveals an emotional intensity that the fingers fail to convey. All of this naturally tends to an absence of form and solidarity in everything he does, particularly in his interpretations of the classics. Indeed, this was so noticeable in his recent rendition of the Etudes Symphoniques of Schumann that they sounded almost unintelligible. Yet in spite of this, he is quite remarkable in his own compositions; and though he is not a Scriabine nor yet a Prokofieff, he has done something for the progress of his art.

Prokofieff, on the other hand, is distinctly a product of the intellectual and elemental forces now in upheaval. There is a primitive simplicity and strength about him so strangely at variance with the complexities of modern existence that at first he is difficult to classify. The critics called him a Bolshe-

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vist, and to carry out the simile proceeded to find in his playing and in his compositions all the bestiality lately associated with Bolshevism. But ugliness is not bestiality; and in spite of, or perhaps because of, the critics, the large crowds who came out of curiosity to hear ear-splitting noises and terrifying cacophonies remained to applaud vigorously the enchanting melodies, the exquisite nuances, the marvellous rhythmic effects evoked by the superb virtuosity of this tall, slim, blond young man. For if Prokofieff had never written a note he would have won distinction as a pianist, and possibly as a conductor. He has all the colors of the rainbow in his palette, a beautiful singing tone, abundant technique, and a rhythmical sense that is, to say the least, extraordinary. And with it all he conveys a sense of power that is overwhelming in its force, and would be almost unbearable were it not for those surpassingly lovely moments with which he constantly surprises us.

In his own works, the dance element, more primitive than music itself, predominates. It usually predominates in the rest of his programmes, too, as in the last, when he presented the Three Country Dances by Beethoven, and Bach's Fifth French Suite in G-major, which, also, consists of dance forms. Everything he touches has freshness and vitality as though he had blown away all that is merely gilt in civilization and had discovered life in its primordial simplicity. Whether he is the "Chopin of the future," or only one more in the vanguard of truth, only time can tell; for it is the people, and not the critics, who make the ultimate decision.

H. S.

Drama

The Theatre Guild

THE Theatre Guild began its career last season with the presentation of a fantastic comedy, "The Bonds of Interest," by the Spanish playwright Jacinto Benavente. The success of that first venture was small. Next the Guild undertook to give the public the wholesome bread of realistic art, and the brilliant success of "John Ferguson" serves, even after a discounting of its adventitious elements, almost to mark an epoch in the American theatre. It is, therefore, a little disheartening to the friends of the Guild to see them, in their third production, John Masefield's "The Faithful," return to the exploitation of the merely fantastic strain in dramatic literature. For it is a fact that the ventures of the insurgent theatre and of the art theatre in this country have constantly come to grief through their cultivation of the over-refined, the exotic, and the fanciful. From the play lists of our little theatres one would infer, if one knew no better, that the staple of the modern drama is the neo-romantic in its most tenuous and cloudy moods. It was not by such methods that the Théâtre Libre and the Verein Freie Bühne revived and re-created the European theatre. Each began by presenting those foreign plays which most searchingly interpreted the human problems of its immediate present, each saw and fulfilled its final mission by opening the theatre to the young revolutionaries of the native drama. These stages began with Ibsen and Tolstoi; they ended with Curel, Brieux, and Hauptmann.

The success of those now historic undertakings was no accidental one. It was not by mere accident that the early audiences of "The Faithful" at the Garrick Theatre felt a perceptible estrangement and chill. The Greeks were right when they made the Muses the daughters of Memory. It is from memory that the creative imagination springs. The spiritual energy of the poet may indeed transform and creatively interpret the world. But it must be a world that he has originally seen and lived in. It must be founded on a soil that has known the tread of his footsteps and the moisture of his tears. He may project the elements of his experience, as Shakespeare did in "The Tempest" and as Goethe did in the second part of "Faust," into a region unseen by any mortal eye. But the elements of his own experience, the vision of his own mind, the pang of his own heart must still be present there. What does Mr. Masefield deeply know of the feudal life of Old Japan? What experience of his own soul has he bodied forth through that shadowy and alien world? Pictures and translated legends caught his fancy, and from these pictures and these far-off echoes in another tongue he wove a pattern of ghostly lights and mimic passions. But he has not shared these passions and the tragedy has not been, in some ultimate sense, part of the tragic life of his own heart. The old Horatian tag with its sovereign common sense sums up the whole matter:

> Si vis me flere, dolendum est
> Primum ipsi tibi: tum tua me infortunia laedent.

It is worth while to glance briefly at the fable of the play. By guile and force the crafty and unscrupulous daimio Kira takes possession of the narrow hills and woodlands of the daimio Asano. An envoy from the imperial court comes to that province. Partly through fear and enmity, partly because Asano will not stoop to bribery, Kira deliberately misleads him concerning the nature of the ritual by which an imperial envoy must be greeted. Asano thus becomes guilty of an involuntary sacrilege and is forced to commit hari-kiri. His exiled retainers, led by his counsellor Kurano, pledge themselves to avenge the death of their lord. After devious wanderings and on the very point of abandoning their purpose in despair, their opportunity comes and they slay Kira at the moment of his highest earthly power and triumph. The trouble with all this, for a contemporary audience, arises from the fact that the remoteness of the action is not redeemed by any warmth or reality of motivation. Kurano is at no moment conscious of any essential injustice in the coil of circumstance in which he and his friend are involved. To him the matter is a purely personal one. Asano has been killed. Therefore Kira must be killed. The same is true of the humbler retainers who abandon their wives and children, not in order to bring a little more justice into their world, not to prevent such things, not to protest against tyranny through Kira's death, but simply to kill him to even the score. Nor is it true, as may conceivably be urged, that this is demanding a modern attitude of the ancient Japanese. The peasant wars of mediæval Europe illustrate the dim but massive sense of general injustice that may fire humble and unlettered men.

Granting, however, the purely personal and hence remote nature of this conflict, and disregarding, for a moment, the total absence of the poet's deeper and more spontaneous energy from the execution of the play, the vexing question still remains: in what manner are these characters to behave? There is an impression current in the West that the Japanese are and, above all, historically were given to an extraordinary measure of stoical self-repression and continually sheathed their human impulses in the rigid forms of some prescribed ceremony. Mr. Masefield's central incident and the exciting cause of his whole action, being concerned with a breach of ritual, deepens that impression. But so soon as we leave that incident, we are plunged into a loud, turbulent, and yet futile violence which accompanies us to the end. What is no doubt true is that both elements, the self-repression and the violence, exist in the history and character of the Japanese people. But Mr. Masefield has not made the necessary synthesis; he has not derived both from some fundamental trait of that character. And he has not done so for the simple reason that he does not know enough. The play is not written from within the ethnic consciousness with which it deals. Sound and convincing art cannot arise from a contact so external.

The players struggle painfully with Mr. Masefield's unsolved problems. Mr. Rollo Peters, as Asano, gives an admirable performance. He is the impassive, stoical, gentle-souled Japanese aristocrat—a creature all silk and steel. He answers our preconception which is, however, quite untested by experience. Mr.

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Augustin Duncan has been reproved for the boisterousness of his performance as Kurano. It is true that he is noisy and jerky. But he could make out a fair case for himself by appealing to his author's text. Mr. Henry Herbert is keen as a blade and subtle as a poison in the part of Kira. But again it is our untested preconception of an Oriental villain that wins our applause. The worthlessness and indeed the danger of all such preconceptions are among the most terrible facts of our time. Hence the poet here leads us into uncertainties of judgment which are fatal to any pleasure or any suspension of disbelief. Mr. Lee Simonson's scenery is of a delicate beauty. Form and color are a more universal language than articulate speech. Only a people's speech can lead us to its soul. Both Mr. Masefield and ourselves stand on the threshold of a gate to which we have no access.

L. L.

Books of the Week

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

Hoppin, Joseph Clark. A Handbook of Attic Red-Figured Vases. Volume 2. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Van Dyke, John C. American Painting and Its Tradition. Scribners. $2.50.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Binet-Sanglé. L'Art de Mourir. Paris: Albin Michel.—Burns, C. Delisle. Political Ideals. Oxford University Press.—Curl, Mervin James. Expository Writing. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.—Gamio, Manuel. Empiricism of Latin-American Governments. Reprinted from The Mexican Review.—Johnson, Alvin. John Stuyvesant, Ancestor. Harcourt, Brace & Howe. $1.75.—Johnston, Sir Harry H. A Comparative Study of the Bantu and Semi-Bantu Languages. Oxford: Clarendon Press.—Littell, Philip. Books and Things. Harcourt, Brace & Howe. $1.75.—Robertson, A. T. A Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research. Doran. $7.50.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Foust, Clement E. The Life and Dramatic Works of Robert Montgomery Bird. Knickerbocker Press.—Graf, Georg Engelbert. Die Landkarte Europas Gestern und Morgen. Berlin: Paul Cassirer.—Grasset, A. Le Maréchal Foch. Paris: Berger-Levrault.—Iglehart, Ferdinand Cowle. Theodore Roosevelt. Christian Herald.—Lomonossoff, George V. Memoirs of the Russian Revolution. Rand School. 35 cents.—O'Brien, George. The Economic History of Ireland in the Seventeenth Century. Dublin: Maunsel & Co.—Stowell, Charles Jacob. The Journeymen Tailors' Union of America. University of Illinois Studies in the Social Sciences.—Toynbee, Paget (editor). Supplement to the Letters of Horace Walpole. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Anonymous. Stuff: An Anthology of Verse. Four Seas.—Hale, Susan (editor). Nonsense Book. Marshall Jones.—Macleod, Euphemia. My Rose and Other Poems. Four Seas. $1.25.—Second Pagan Anthology. Pagan Publishing Co.—Van Dyke, Henry, Morris William Croll, Maxwell Struthers Burt, and James Creese, Jr. (editors). A Book of Princeton Verse II, 1919. Princeton University Press. $1.50.

THE WAR

Fisher, Right Hon. H. A. L. Political Prophecies. Oxford: Clarendon Press.—Koch, Theodore Wesley. Books in the War. Houghton Mifflin. $3.—Lucas, Sir Charles. The War and the Empire. Oxford University Press.—McKinley, Albert E., Charles A. Coulomb, and Armand Gerson. A School History of the Great War. American Book Co.—Nasmith, Col. George G. Canada's Sons and Great Britain in the World War. Toronto: Winston Co. $3.50.—Powell, Major E. Alexander. The Army Behind the Army. Scribners. $4.—Roosevelt, Kermit. War in the Garden of Eden. Scribners. $1.60.—White, William A. Thoughts of a Psychiatrist on the War and After. Paul B. Hoeber. $1.75.

JUVENILE

Abbott, Jane D. Larkspur. Lippincott. $1.35.—Benson, E. F. David Blaize and the Blue Door. Doran. $2.—Coe, Fanny E. The Second Book of Stories for the Story-Teller. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.—Davies, Mary Carolyn. A Little Freckled Person. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.—Deming, Alhambra G. Games and Rhymes. Chicago: Beckley-Cardy Co. 75 cents.—Griffis, William Elliot. Belgian Fairy Tales. Crowell.—Haines, Donal Hamilton. The Dragon-Flies. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.—Perkins, Eleanor Ellis. News from Notown. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.—Phillips, Ethel Calvert. Wee Ann. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.—Pier, Arthur Stanwood. The Hill-top Troop. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.—Tomlinson, Everett T. Sergeant Ted Cole. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.—Wright, Isa L. With the Little Folks. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

FICTION

Barbusse, Henri. Light. Translated by Fitzwater Wray. Dutton. $1.90.—Chase, Jessie Anderson. Chan's Wife. Marshall Jones. $1.50.—Chekhov, Anton. The Bishop and Other Stories. Translated by Constance Garnett. Macmillan. $1.75.—Curtis, Mrs. Irving. A Challenge to Adventure. Marshall Jones. $1.60.—Dawson, Coningsby. The Test of Scarlet. Lane. $1.60.—Foote, Mary Hallock. The Ground-Swell. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.—Underwood, Edna Worthley (translator). Short Stories from the Balkans.—Marshall Jones. $1.50.—Williams, Ben Ames. The Sea Bride. Macmillan. $1.75.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Cunnington, E. E. The New Testament: A Revision of the Version of A. D. 1611. London: T. Fisher Unwin.—Farnell, L. R. The Value and the Methods of Mythologic Study. Oxford University Press.—Gollancz, Hermann. Shekel Hakodesh (The Holy Shekel). Yesod Hayirah (The Foundation of Religious Fear). Oxford University Press.—Holmes, John M. Jesus and the Young Man of Today. Macmillan. $1.—Leighton, Joseph Alexander. The Field of Philosophy. Columbus, O.: Adams & Co.—Viscount Haldane. The Doctrine of Degrees in Knowledge, Truth, and Reality. Oxford University Press.

EDUCATION

Berry, T. W. The Training of Youth. London: T. Fisher Unwin.—Chancellor, William Estabrook. The Health of the Teacher. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.25.—Winship, A. E. Danger Signals for Teachers. Chicago: Forbes & Co. $1.25.

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The Nation

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The Press and the Siberian Situation

By K. D.

THE extent to which the American public is dependent, not only upon the censorship, but also upon news deliberately repressed or released in the interests of political policy, was strikingly revealed in the recent sensational dispatches from Siberia telling that an American soldier had been flogged by the Kalmikov Cossacks and that another had been murdered in Vladivostok. The public was taken unawares by a situation of which it had had no foreknowledge, and which was all the more sensational because it came without any explanation of related and antecedent events. The flogging was not an unrelated or accidental happening. It had been preceded by many other incidents which, if less atrocious, were even more significant in revealing the conditions under which the American forces are operating in Siberia. Of these incidents our news "services" have told us nothing. Making all due allowances for the censorship and other obstacles, this silence is nothing less than a plain dereliction of duty on the part of those agencies upon which the public is depending for information concerning distant events of great importance. The prestige of American journalism sinks low when the people of the United States are forced to depend upon local Siberian papers for the news of their countrymen in Siberia.

Not only do the Siberian papers indicate the extent of the disaffection existing between the officials and military supporters of the Kolchak régime and the American forces, but they afford a background for the more sensational incidents which have recently found their way into the American press. Elsewhere in this issue appear certain extracts from papers lately received in this country which throw light upon these incidents. The anti-American sentiment out of which they arise and to which they add fuel, are the commonplaces of the Siberian press. The *Dalnevostochnoye Obozrenyie* (Far Eastern Review) of Vladivostok on August 22, attributed the anti-American propaganda to "fear of the possible political influence of the United States on the fate of the Russian state; the fear the Right Wing has of American democracy, which looms up before the scared imagination of some of them as something quite near to Bolshevism." There is also an economic motive, says this paper, "due to the fact that our native capitalists are no match for American capital, the best organized in the world." The anti-American campaign is charged to "the secret intentions of the representatives of our private (Russian) financial and industrial capital," who are alarmed by the American friendliness towards public organizations, "such as the coöperative associations and municipalities." An American loan of $15,000,000 to the coöperatives, "is quite sufficient for private capital to view the Americans as an irreconcilable foe."

The Voyenny Viestnik (Military Herald), an official Kolchak paper published at Vladivostok, presents a characteristic example of anti-American propaganda. A writer in this paper on August 29 developed the interesting theory that the extent of the aid rendered to Russia by the various powers depends not only upon their direct interest in the rehabilitation of Russia, but also upon the degree of their respective "cultural development." Thus, "our old ally, republican France," and England, are helping "not only by words but also by deeds"; while "democratic and republican United States is satisfied with passively watching events in Russia." This is "very easily understood," says this writer, "if we take into account the one-sided character of the American culture and the weak dissemination of humanitarian knowledge among the American people." America joined in the European war because her industry was threatened by the blockade and the submarine warfare, whereas she now remains passive "because the development of anarchy in Russia does not imperil her commerce or industry."

The reactionaries attack the United States for an alleged sympathy with Bolshevism. On the other hand the liberals and socialists find our actions in Siberia coming far short of our democratic pretensions. The attempt by the American Command to control the local Siberian press, excited equally the resentment of the conservatives as an infringement of Russian sovereignty and the reproaches of the liberals and socialists as a violation of our professed liberality.

Dalny Vostok (The Far East), a conservative paper of Vladivostok, on September 4, printed a letter which said in part:

> Once more we stand before a puzzle! In a country which has proclaimed the freedom of the press, a newspaper has been closed owing to the request of the representative of the most democratic government in the world. The newspaper was suspended for publishing an article which dared to criticise the behavior of some citizens of this democratic country. The demand of an American army officer caused the suspension of a Russian newspaper—*Golos Primorya*—which was not an anarchistic or rebel or monarchistic newspaper, but simply a Russian newspaper which dared to speak out what was in everybody's thoughts. How can this violence against the press

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be reconciled with the principles of even the American democracy? How can this be reconciled with the declaration about non-intervention in internal affairs? . . . To the mass of facts which have demonstrated to the Russians that promises and words do not square with deeds, a new fact has been added. . . . The democracy which asks us to look upon it as a model, recognizes summary punishment for a free press. This means that the declaration is but empty words which cannot be trusted. . . . Russians know that sentimentalities have no place in politics. . . . But Russians also know beyond doubt . . . that a nation of a hundred and fifty millions, whose culture has spread through one-sixth of the globe and which has dictated its will to many others, will never be reconciled to a position which deprives it of its own will and its historic rights. Every far-sighted nation should therefore prefer to count Russia among its friends, and not among its enemies. Did the representatives of the United States have time to think of this?

Commenting upon the same incident, *Dalnevostochnye Obozrenyie* of September 3, said:

The range of questions which the press is allowed to discuss is getting narrower and narrower. It has gone so far that the public expression by one or another newspaper of an opinion about one of the Powers represented in Siberia results in unpleasant consequences. . . . *The Golos Primorya* has suffered severe punishment. By an order of the commandant of the Vladivostok fortress this newspaper was suspended for publishing the *feuilleton* "Yankee." Before the official suspension, the editorial office of the newspaper was visited by the chief of the American militia, Johnson, and by several American young men, who demanded an explanation from the editor in a most unacceptable manner and threatened him with arrest. . . . The Americans, contradicting the principles which they profess, acted as if they were free to regulate the internal life of Russia. . . . Such actions cannot lead to the strengthening of the moral reputation of their authors.

Even the moderately liberal elements in Siberia seem to have become disillusioned regarding the whole business of intervention. According to the *Nasho Dyelo*, a Right Menshevik paper of Irkutsk, July 29, only the monarchist parties continue to support intervention. All Socialist and bourgeois liberal parties are opposed. Most conspicuous and significant is the outspoken opposition to intervention of the *Otyechestvyennya Vyedomosti* (Fatherland Record). This prominent Cadet paper is the organ of Mr. Byelorussov, who was appointed by Admiral Kolchak last May to head the commission for drafting an election law for the proposed All-Russian National Assembly. In a recent series of articles it warned against the evil consequences of foreign intervention. Referring to these articles, *Nasho Dyelo* says:

It showed that a government supported by foreign bayonets could not be a national government and could not lead in the regeneration of the nation; that such a government would be associated in the minds of the people with foreign invasion, the consequences of which would seriously affect the future of the nation; that even the capture of Moscow by the force of foreign bayonets would in no way guarantee the regeneration of the state, but that, on the contrary, the presence of an alien force would only strengthen the anarchy which would flare up immediately upon the withdrawal of the foreign troops. This very fact would tend to prolong the stay of the foreign troops in the country, and a prolonged stay of these troops and their use against Russian citizens could not help affecting the very being of the nation.

These quotations plainly show how unwelcome to Siberians is our so-called aid. In the face of such evidence, what excuse can be given for the failure to withdraw our troops?

Documents

The American-Siberian Controversy

THE following statement, communicated to the Allied and American Command in Siberia by the Central Bureau of the Far Eastern Committee for the Defence of the Fatherland, is taken from *Golos Primorya* of May 14:

From the information in the possession of the Committee, the Central Bureau of the Committee became cognizant of the fact that the American command in the Suchan works (near Vladivostok), without informing the Administration of the undertaking, had permitted the workmen in the coal mines to call a general meeting for the purpose of discussing the question of refugees from the neighboring villages.

The meeting was called for April 24 in a manner customary to all Bolshevist meetings—by way of displaying a red flag on the building of the People's House—and proceeded in the presence of a representative of the American command, an officer of the American army, who guaranteed to all speakers immunity and full liberty of speech.

As it appears from the minutes of the meeting, those who participated in the meeting, after hearing the rebellious declaration of the "guerrilla detachments (Bolsheviki) and the communications of persons who were in the field of action of the government troops, resolved" to address the American command with the proposition to liquidate immediately the predatory "bands of Kolchakists;" "otherwise, we all as one man shall leave work and go to the aid of our peasant brothers."

At a second similar meeting on April 25 a delegation was elected that was to be sent to Vladivostok for the purpose of reporting the decisions of the meetings to the American command, Captain Hines kindly consenting to accompany the delegation to Vladivostok upon the permission of his colonel.

The minutes of the second meeting carry a resolution as follows:

"The general meeting, seeing the sincere desire of the American command in the Suchan district to come to the assistance, so far as possible, of the victims, has expressed its cordial thanks and has greeted it with wild ovations."

There is further information that the American command has formed a special committee for revising the wage scale, without the participation of the Russian Administration, and after the respective new wage scales of the Russian Administration had been made known to the workmen.

Finally, during the last few days it has become known that a people's militia has been formed in the Suchan district with an American officer at its head.

The activities of the armed Bolshevist bands which took place at that time in the Suchan district were suppressed by the united forces of the Russian and foreign detachments. But the Suchan works were for the most part under the guard of American troops. The indicated activities of the Bolsheviki are a part of a general plan aiming at the destruction of the anti-Bolshevist rear, a plan the realization of which was prevented by the sacrifice of hundreds of killed and wounded Japanese troops and detachments of the Russian army which is being resurrected by the efforts of the Government and some of the Allies.

The Central Bureau of the Committee can consider the indicated actions of the American command in the district of Suchan solely in the light of furthering the rise of the spirit of the Bolsheviki who had suffered from their uprising against the one established governmental power; it calls particular attention to the fact that the American command is rendering its aid to the workers who are in an anti-government organization by means of calling together meetings, electing a delegation, etc., which undoubtedly constitutes an indirect support to the anti-

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government struggle of the Bolsheviki and which gives hopes to the enemies of the state institutions that they will find in their destructive work assistance in the American command.

Remembering the declarations of the Allies, given at the time of the landing of the Allied troops upon Russian territory, which included the assertion that it would be the aim of the Allies to fight against the German influences carried out through the Bolsheviki, and to reëstablish order which would secure the normal course of the social and economic life of the Far East, the Central Bureau of the Committee is of the opinion that now, with the formation of the Government and of the unified anti-Bolshevist front, the task of the Allies can only be to aid the Government and its representatives in the Far East, whereas actions directed towards support, even though indirect, of anti-government organizations can bring only new disorganization into our economic life, disrupt social peace and security, and constitute an interference with our internal life for the benefit of anti-government elements.

Being cognizant of the circumstance that, first, the American command (while putting into effect obligations towards Russia stated in the declaration) must be convinced that the resurrected Russia will pay due reward to each of the Allies for the aid rendered to her; second, the American command is laboring under exceedingly difficult conditions, since it lacks the necessary knowledge of the language, habits, history, and present condition of our country, the Central Bureau of the Committee is of the opinion that the doubts which are troubling the heart of every true Russian who loves his Fatherland may yet be dispersed if the American command should give explanations in regard to the above-mentioned incidents and by doing so would give rise to hopes for friendly relations on the part of the Russian people and Government towards the people of the United States of North America, which ought to be the aim of the representatives of the American people who are at present upon Russian territory, if they are really representing the interests of the United States as a whole and not of some particular political parties.

Taking into consideration all stated above, the Central Bureau of the Committee deems it its duty to declare that it is convinced of the following:

First, that the Allied command will consider the facts stated.

Second, that the American command, bearing in mind the democratic principles of its country and the declaration of the Allies, will give an explanation of the actions of its representatives in the Suchan district.

Third, that the Russian Government will adopt all measures, in order to aid the American command in avoiding a repetition in the future of incidents analagous to those cited above.

THE CENTRAL BUREAU OF THE FAR EASTERN COMMITTEE

In answer to the foregoing resolution, General Graves made public the following letter, printed also in *Golos Primorya:*

Dear Sir: 1. Your communication of May 10, containing the resolution of the Central Bureau, has been received. In reply I deem it my duty to communicate as follows:

(a) The meeting of the workers in the Suchan mines to discuss matters concerning their welfare is approved by me, though the matter had not been reported to me before. That the meeting of April 24 took place in the presence of an officer of the regular army is also approved by me. I think that the presence of an army officer during such discussions is in the interest of order in the Suchan mines.

(b) As regards the resolution to call on the American command with the request to disperse the robber bands of the Kolchakists, of which mention is made in paragraph 3, I am entirely ignorant of it. I cannot believe that the workmen would adopt such a resolution, for they, as well as others, know the policy of the United States relative to non-interference in matters of such character. Nevertheless, I shall communicate the whole matter to the Commander in the district of Suchan, ordering him to report to me as to the questions contained in the resolutions.

(c) As regards the meeting of April 22, a delegation of three men accompanied by Captain Hines arrived in my office with a petition to give my coöperation to the end that the Red Cross send supplies to Suchan district for women and children refugees who came from neighboring villages soliciting aid. The committee explained to me that the food supplies were taken out from the villages by the Kolchak armies and that horses and cattle were taken too. The matter was no concern of mine, but I was ready to aid defenceless women and children in every way I could. In that connection the Commander of the American Red Cross had a consultation with me with regard to rendering such aid, and we both arrived at the conclusion that this aid should extend only to women and children who remain within the neutral zone provided by the agreement signed by the Russian, American, Japanese, and Chinese representatives.

(d) As regards the fact that the American representative took an active part in revising the wage scales without the participation of the Russian Administration, I have no knowledge of this, but I shall demand from the Commander a report concerning these facts. Personally, I am of the opinion that it is no concern of ours to take part in the solving of such questions and, if the facts are as reported in those resolutions, I admit the justice of the complaint and shall take measures to amend such actions.

(e) The fact regarding the national militia being headed by an officer of the American army is impossible. That officer could act only as an adviser, because neither the Russian nor the American laws permit actions of that sort.

2. The aim pursued by the American, Japanese, and Chinese troops in the Suchan mine district is that of assisting the exploitation of the mines with the view of supplying the population of Russia and the railroads with coal, in order that transportation may proceed freely on the roads. The indicated agreement provides that no Russian armed detachments will be admitted into a region definitely determined. This region is indicated in the proclamation issued by the Commander in the district of Suchan. Neither the Russian nor the American representatives had in view that these Allied armies could be used outside of that limited zone against the armed detachments of any party. In case any American representative has violated the stipulations of that agreement or should do so in the future, I shall very much appreciate being informed of such fact, in order that I may adopt such measures of amendment as I shall deem suitable.

WM. S. GRAVES, *Major General, Commander*

The report of Lieutenant Colonel Pendleton, American Commander in the district of Suchan, is quoted in *Golos Primorya* on June 6 as follows:

The testimony of the Commander of the United States troops in the Suchan district in reply to the resolution of the Central Bureau of the Far Eastern Committee for the Defence of the Fatherland, dated May, 1919:

1. The meeting of the workmen in the Suchan mines of April, 1919, was permitted only after preliminary attempts to get into communication with the administration of the mines; but the superintendent is always absent, the assistant superintendent departed for the day after the committee had addressed him in the matter (that is their testimony) and had been directed by him to the American command. The American command tried to communicate with Mr. Ivonin by telephone, assuming that he had been entrusted with the administration, but it found out that he, too, was absent, which information reached it before the arrival of a letter on the next day to the effect that the administration had been conferred upon Mr. Toporkov.

2. An officer of the American army, together with a soldier-translator, was present at the meeting in the capacity of an observer, as well as in the interests of order, but, of course, he

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has not guaranteed immunity or unlimited liberty of speech to the speakers.

3. It is true, the meeting did adopt a resolution calling upon the American command to stop the activity of the Kolchak detachments in that region, threatening to "drop work as one man" if nothing should be done. The adoption of such resolution is treason as against the American command, for the persons who had asked for the permission to hold the meeting gave a solemn promise that no political questions would be discussed and that the subject of discussion would be only questions of food and shelter for the refugees. Such treason can be best understood and explained by those who know Russia and her people better than the American command in the district of Suchan.

4. The assertion that the "American command in the Suchan district had forced a special committee for the revision of wages" does not correspond to the truth at any time or in any manner.

5. Likewise erroneous is the assertion that a "national (or people's) militia" with an American officer at its head had been formed in the district of Suchan. It is true that recently, in view of the fact that the local police had been actually disbanded and had disappeared, it became necessary to form some kind of a force to keep law and order, to which end American officers and soldiers were commissioned and the inhabitants chose the Russian representative for coöperation with them. But the whole affair was of a purely local character and had no relation to the happenings outside. As soon as the chief of police, who had been absent, returned, he was immediately restored to his former position and upon his own request the Americans remained with the police as his aids.

6. It is not true that the activity of the armed Bolshevist bands, which had been on the increase at that time, was suppressed by the Russian or other detachments. These bands are now (as at that time) dominating the whole territory around the Suchan mines and, in order to keep its promise of not interfering in internal Russian affairs, the American command in the district of Suchan is bound to have some relations with these men, who are actually the government of the region (with the exception of the mines themselves), just as the Government of Kolchak is the actual government in Vladivostok.

7. There is no intention on the part of the American command in the district of Suchan to "aid in uplifting the spirit of the Bolsheviki" for whose extremely radical views we have not the least sympathy. Every assertion that the American command had at any time called a meeting or elected delegates is incorrect, and is so plainly made for provocative purposes that it can deceive nobody.

The fact that the Central Bureau gives with such readiness credence to tales of this kind is only proof of its extreme readiness to presuppose ill as coming from the American side.

8. The Central Bureau must understand that its opinion as to the duties of the Allies in Siberia is but its opinion and as such has no binding force upon any one.

It is not the place nor the time to enter here upon a discussion as to the best methods for "restoring order and security for the normal course of the social and economic life in the Far East." The American command in the district of Suchan denies absolutely that it has ever had in view, even indirectly, to support the anti-government organizations.

9. The American command in the district of Suchan is fully ready to rely upon the common sense of the entire population of the "resurrected Russia" and to hope that its country will receive due remuneration for the rôle which it had played in the "resurrection," bearing always in mind that America wishes only for friendship and good will on the part of the Russian people and Government and that she does not ask for any other remuneration.

10. It is incomprehensible why the American command should be in a worse situation as regards its lack of knowledge of Russia than any one else of the Allies. Every presumption to that effect is more or less offensive to our national consciousness.

Nevertheless, in compliance with your request, we have given patiently this lengthy and full explanation in the hope that it would disperse all doubts (if there are any) in the minds of some Russians.

It is useless to waste words in repeating our desire to be in friendly relations with the Russian people or to try to explain that it is impossible for the American army "to represent not the entire nation but a single political party." In this phrase the Central Bureau has crystallized its asounding and extreme ignorance of America, deploring in the meantime our ignorance of Russia.

11. In conclusion it may be indicated that the Russian Government has not up to now made the least attempt through any of its representatives in the district of Suchan to aid the local American command in solving the numerous and difficult problems that were arising, and it is hard to believe that the promises of the Central Bureau, made by it for the Government, have the slightest importance in regard to the future.

(Signed) L. L. PENDLETON, *Lieutenant Colonel*

The situation in the Suchan district was considered at a meeting of the Vladivostok Chamber of Commerce held on June 10. The following report of the meeting is taken from *The Echo* (Vladivostok) of June 13.

Radov: Reported on the position at Suchan and said that it was the general opinion that the Americans are responsible for the fact that Suchan is a Bolshevist stronghold. The Americans guard the railway line and do not care what happens to Russian citizens and their property.

In view of the above state of affairs the Committee decided to call a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce in order that it might express its opinion. The meeting should have been held on May 28, but it was decided to postpone it in the hope that the Americans would mend their ways. The reverse had happened. Colonel Pendleton considers that the Bolsheviki at Suchan are as much a government as that of Kolchak at Omsk.

Vinokurov: The Americans are generally very badly behaved. With respect to the case of Engineer Piankov, captured by the Bolsheviki, we went to all the American Headquarters to get him freed. Piankov is still a prisoner.

Diki: Suggested that the Russians and foreigners should be informed as to conditions relating to Russian commerce and manufactures.

Merkulov: We ourselves are largely to blame. The best trump against the Bolsheviki is bread. There was any amount of bread in Manchuria and we did nothing to get it here. We should not blame foreigners and must declare that we do not dislike Americans.

The President: We must not think only of business. We saw how the Bolsheviki ruined all manufacture in the district, but the Bolsheviki, at first, were only blind instruments in the hands of the Germans, and now in the hands of the Americans. We must all remember the Princes' Island insult. Now we have the same sort of insult in miniature: the question of Piankov. I ask you to listen to the resolution which has already been prepared by the Committee and then to send it to Omsk and the boards of trade in America, Japan, France and England, so that the public shall know the true state of affairs.

RESOLUTION (In Brief)

The ideas of the local American troops on the subject of guarding the railway are biassed and are too formal. On one side they hinder the Russian people and Government from putting a stop to the Bolsheviki, and on the other side take quite a fatherly interest in anti-government elements, and regard Bolshevist band leaders as Government officials (see Pendleton Report), which is not only insulting to Russia and decent Russians but also strengthens the position of the hooligan element.

Kurteef: Read the resolution. (Voices from the audience: "Weak—make it stronger.")

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The President invited discussion.

Diki: Questioned the part which stated that the whole district was Bolshevist, and said that there were people just waiting to catch them up on a statement like that.

"Elder" of the Chamber: We must not say that the policy of the Americans does not agree with the policy of the other Allies, as the other Allies have not said so and we cannot put words into their mouths.

The amendment was taken. The President called for a vote on the resolution. Resolution approved. The President asked the meeting to pass a vote of confidence in Japan for their struggles with the Bolsheviki and compared the results of Japanese and American work against the Bolsheviki. Sinkevitch proposed the election of a delegation to thank the Japanese army (cheers). Resolution passed unanimously.

The statement of General Graves, which we reprint below from the same issue of *The Echo*, has already appeared in *The Nation* of October 11.

. . . In view of the serious nature of the charges brought against the American Expeditionary Force we today made inquiry at the Headquarters as to whether Major General Graves was willing to furnish us with a statement replying to these charges. We were handed a typewritten statement reading as follows:

"Headquarters American Expeditionary Forces, Siberia.

"Vladivostok, June 12, 1919.

"In regard to the resolution passed by the Vladivostok Chamber of Commerce June 10, the American Headquarters states that they can have nothing to do with entering into a controversy with people who have so little regard for the truth.

(*Signed*) "S. C. GRAVES,
"Major General, Infantry, U. S. A."

The Bolshevist Reply to the Nansen Offer

IN view of the recent statement issued by the Department of State, that the Nansen project failed because the Bolsheviki declined to agree to the cessation of hostilities, the following official text of the reply of the Soviet Government to Dr. Nansen's offer is of particular interest at this time. We have received this text from *Vänsterpräss* (Stockholm), to which it was forwarded directly by M. Chicherin.

To Mr. Fritjof Nansen *5/7/19*
Hotel Continental
Paris

SIR: Your very kind message of April 17, containing your exchange of letters with the Council of Four, reached us only on May 4 by way of the Nauen wireless station, and was at once given to the People's Commissariat of Social Welfare for thorough examination. I wish in the name of the Russian Soviet Government to convey to you our heartiest thanks for the warm interest you manifest in the well being of the Russian people. Great indeed are the sufferings and privations inflicted upon the Russian people by the inhuman blockade of the Associated and so-called neutral Powers and by the incessant wars forced upon it against its will. If left in peace and allowed free development, Soviet Russia would soon be able to restore her national production, to regain her economic strength, to provide for her own needs, and to be helpful to other countries. But in the present situation in which she has been put by the implacable policy of the Associated Powers, help in foodstuffs from abroad would be most welcome to Russia, and the Russian Soviet Government appreciates most thankfully your human and heartfelt response to her sufferings, and, considering the universal respect surrounding your person, will be especially glad to enter into communication with you for the realization of your scheme of help, which you emphasize as being purely humanitarian.

On this basis of a humanitarian work of help to suffering people, we would be desirous to do everything in our power to further the realization of your project. Unfortunately your benevolent intentions, which you yourself indicate as being based upon purely humanitarian grounds, and which, according to your letter, must be realized by a commission of wholly non-political character, have been mixed up by others with political purposes. In the letter addressed to you by the four Powers your scheme is represented as involving cessation of hostilities and of transfer of troops and war material. We regret very much that your original intentions have thus been fundamentally disfigured by the Governments of the Associated Powers. We need not explain to you that military operations which obviously have in view to change the external or internal conditions of the involved countries, belong wholly to the domain of politics, and that likewise cessation of hostilities, which means preventing the belligerent who has every reason to expect successes from obtaining them, is also a purely political act. Thus your sincerely charitable intentions have been misused by others in order to cover such purposes, which are obviously political, with the semblance of an action originally humanitarian only. Being ready to lend every assistance to your scheme, so far as it bears the character you have ascribed to it in your letter, we at the same time do not wish to be the objects of foul play; and knowing that you in the same degree as ourselves mean business and wish really to attain the proposed aim, we would like to ask you whether this intermixture of heterogenous purposes has been finally adopted by yourself. We expect that we will be able to make it clear to you that in order to realize your intentions this intermixture must be carefully avoided. You are no doubt aware that the cessation of the wars forced upon the Russian people is likewise the object of our most warm desire. It must be known to you that we have many times proposed to the Associated Governments to enter into negotiations in order to put an end to the present bloodshed, and that we have even agreed to take part at the conference at Prinkipo, notwithstanding the extremely unfavorable conditions proposed to us, and also that we were the only party to accept it. We responded in the same peace-loving sense to overtures made by one of the Great Powers. The Prinkipo conference was frustrated not by us but by our adversaries, the protégées of the Associated Powers, the counter-revolutionary Governments of Kolchak, Denikin, and the others.

These are the tools with the help of which the Entente Governments are waging war upon us and are endeavoring to attain our destruction; and wherever they are victorious their victory means the triumph of the most extreme barbarity and bestiality, streams of blood, untold sufferings for the laboring masses, and domination of the wildest reaction. Kolchak from the east, Denikin from the south, the Rumanian feudals, the most reactionary Polish and Finnish militarists, the German barons, and Esthonian White Guards from the west, and Russian White Guard bands from the north—these are the enemies whom the Entente Governments move against Soviet Russia, and against whom as against Entente troops we are carrying on a desperate struggle with ever growing success. The so-called Governments of Kolchak and Denikin are purely monarchical; all power belongs there to the wildest adherents of Czarism; extreme Czarist papers are in every way supported by them; Czarist hymns are constantly sung at their ceremonies; the so-called Constitution of Kolchak is in reality monarchical; among their soldiers they distribute only Czarist literature. Under the domination of Denikin the adherents of the Constitutional Government of Bytch are persecuted, and under the domination of Kolchak the adherents of the Constituent Assembly are imprisoned or shot. Pogrom-making literature is being widely distributed by these so-called Governments, and whenever Jews come under their domination they are the object of the most

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horrible bestialities. In the west, the Polish legionaries and the troops of the Ukrainian counter-revolutionary Petlura, who are both supported and even directed by Entente officers, have perpetrated such massacres of Jews, which by far surpass the most horrible misdeeds of the Black Hundreds of old Czarism. As the Russian Red Cross in its appeal to the International Red Cross on April 28 elaborately states, whole villages, whole towns, were turned to ruins. Neither sex nor age was spared, and in numerous places the whole Jewish population was literally wiped out by these troops headed by Entente generals and officers. In the realms of Kolchak and Denikin everything that was gained by the peasants through the revolution is being taken back from them. Kolchak declares solemnly in his manifestoes that peasants must not have in their possession land taken by force from the nobility; he orders in his decrees that the seizure of the land of the gentry by the peasants should be prosecuted as a serious crime; he crushes the resistance of the peasants by wholesale massacres during which in some parts of Siberia many thousands of peasants were killed *en masse*. For the worker his domination means every possible persecution, oppression, wholesale arrests, and in many cases wholesale shootings, so that in some towns the workers were simply wiped out by the enraged ex-Czarist officers who are at the head of Kolchak's troops. The horrors perpetrated by these Kolchak officers defy every description, and their victims are innumerable, including all that is progressive, all that is free-thinking in Siberia. Inebriated officers are torturing, flogging, tormenting in every way the unfortunate laboring population under their dominion, and to be a worker means to be predestined to be the object of their brutalities.

These are the adversaries against whom we are engaged in a desperate struggle, and whom the Associated Governments are in every way supporting, providing them with war material, foodstuffs, financial help, military commanders, and political advisers, and on the north and east fronts sending their own troops to help them. In the hands of these barbarous bands Entente rifles and Entente cannon are sending death to the Russian workers and peasants struggling for their life and liberty. The same Entente Governments are the real source of the military supplies with the help of which our Polish, Rumanian, Finnish, and other adversaries from the west are uninterruptedly attacking us, and it was officially declared in the French Chamber of Deputies and in the British House of Commons that the policy of the Entente is now to send against Soviet Russia the armies of these nationalities. An American radio of May 6, sent from Lyons, says most emphatically that the Entente encourages the movement of the troops headed by the Russian counter-revolutionary general Judenitch, which presumably threaten Petrograd; that the Entente expects that the Bolsheviki will be forced to withdraw to Moscow, and that the Associated Governments intend in connection herewith to abandon your plan of revictualling Russia. While declaring that they have abandoned the idea of intervention, the Associated Governments are in reality carrying on the most reckless interventionist policy, and even the American Government, despite all the statements to the contrary published in the American press, seems at present to be wholly dominated by the implacable hostility of the Clemenceau Ministry against Soviet Russia.

This being the case we are in a position to discuss cessation of hostilities only if we discuss the whole problem of our relations to our adversaries—that is, in the first place, to the Associated Governments. That means to discuss peace, and to open real negotiations bearing upon the true reasons for the war waged upon us, and upon those conditions that can bring us lasting peace. We were always ready to enter into peace negotiations, and we are ready to do it now as before. We will be glad to begin discussing these questions, but, of course, directly with the other belligerents—that is, with the Associated Governments or else with the persons empowered by the latter. But it is, of course, impossible for us to make any concessions referring to these fundamental problems of our existence under the disguise of a presumably humanitarian work. This latter must remain purely humanitarian and non-political, and in this sense we will welcome every proposal from your side made to us in the spirit of your letter sent by you to the Council of Four on April 3. To these wholly non-political proposals we respond most gladly. We thank you most heartily for your good intentions. We are ready to give you every possibility of controlling the realization of such a humanitarian scheme. We will, of course, cover all the expenses of this work and the cost of the food stuffs; and we can pay, if you desire, with Russian goods. But seeing that your original plan has been so unfortunately disfigured, and considering that the most complex and difficult questions thus created must first be thoroughly elucidated, we would suggest that you take the necessary steps to enable delegates of our Government to meet you and your collaborators abroad, and to discuss those questions, and we ask you kindly to indicate the time and the place for this conference between our delegates and the leaders of your Commission, and what guarantees can be obtained for the free passage of our delegates through countries influenced by the Entente.

CHICHERIN
People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs

Foreign Press

Kerensky on the Russian Situation

THE following declaration of Kerensky against the Allied blockade of Russia, and against the counter-revolutionists Kolchak and Denikin, appeared in *l'Humanité* of September 23. Although the interview is credited to the United Press, it has never appeared in this country.

Kerensky . . . has granted to the representative of the United Press a long interview . . .

"An internal revolt," said he, "is the only means by which the Reds can be dislodged. But such a revolt will be impossible as long as the Russians are without food. The Bolsheviki are monopolizing entirely the meagre supplies which still exist. Besides, the blockade furnishes them a most substantial weapon, for they tell the people that all their sufferings are due to the blockade. It must also be said that the aid given to the counter-revolutionary government has strengthened the Bolshevist cause. The people, in fact, have no confidence whatever in the 'Whites,' whom they consider pure reactionaries. If the Allies would discontinue the blockade, which violates all the laws of humanity and brings death to women and children, Russia could save herself. . . .

"The Allies should immediately cease supporting these two men, for the Russian people will never recognize them, having shown that they are convinced that Kolchak and Denikin have no other aim than to reëstablish in Russia the methods of the old régime. It should be noted that the reactionary forces are not even capable of exploiting the hatred which the populations cherish against the Bolsheviki, precisely because they have not the confidence of these populations. If the white terror succeeds the red terror, the peasants, frankly anti-Bolshevist, will have only a choice between two evils, and it is certain that the reactionaries could never impose themselves upon the rural population, as the recent defeats of Kolchak demonstrate. The armies of the Admiral would be incapable of maintaining themselves and imposing themselves [on the people] by their own resources; and the Government of Kolchak would not exist even for a day, if the English and the French did not support it.

"I should add, however, that these reactionary governments would immediately change their tactics if they were not supported. They would consult the popular will and attempt to gain the adherence of the masses."

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Roosevelt and the National Psychology

By STUART P. SHERMAN

I.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S great and fascinating personality is part of the national wealth, and it should, so far as possible, be preserved undiminished. Since his death those who have spoken of him have observed somewhat too sedulously the questionable maxim *De mortuis nihil nisi bonum.* To say nothing but good of a great man is generally fatal alike to biographical vivacity and to truth. In this case it is a serious detraction from that versatile and inexhaustible energy which Lord Morley admired when he declared that the two most extraordinary works of nature in America were Niagara Falls and the President in the White House. "He made," says William Hard with the intensity of one catching breath after the close passage of a thunderbolt, "he made Theodore Roosevelt the most interesting thing in the world," and he made "the world itself momentarily immortally interesting."[1] That touches the heart of the matter: it explains comprehensively why his friends loved and his enemies admired him. It leaves him with his aggressive definiteness, his color, and his tang. Mr. Roosevelt, as he proudly insisted and as he admirably painted himself in many a capital chapter of his "Rough Riders" and his hunting and exploring books, was stained with the blood and sweat and dust of conflict. No image presents him whole that lacks a dash of the recklessness which appears in Frederick Macmonnies's vaulting trooper and a touch of the ruthlessness hinted by the fiercely clenched fist in a well-known photograph of him pacing the deck of the flagship with "Fighting Bob" Evans. He lived and died fighting, and he gave a thousand proofs that the keenest joy he knew was the joy of battle. No memorial so little preserves him as a white-washed plaster bust. Better than all the eulogies pronounced in public places I suspect he would have relished the tribute paid to him in private conversation by one of our distinguished visitors from abroad. "It may be," he said, "that Mr. Wilson possesses all the virtues in the calendar; but for my part I had rather go to hell with Theodore Roosevelt." Mr. Wilson, he implied, might get off in a corner somewhere with Saint Peter and Colonel House, and arrange something of the highest importance to the heavenly host; but all the cherubim and seraphim of healthy curiosity would be leaning over the impassable gulf to see what Mr. Roosevelt would do next.

It is because such notes as these recall the most interesting man of our times, "the great Achilles whom we knew," that I have heard and read with a certain languor the conventional tributes evoked by his death, and, more recently, have gone through the posthumous biographies without entire satisfaction. Excepting Mr. G. S. Viereck's saucy apology for being a pro-German,[2] the cue of recent writers has been canonization. Mr. MacIntire, for example, prefaced by General Wood, has written a purely "inspirational" narrative with a conquering hero ready for the moving-picture screen or a Henty novel or a place on the juvenile bookshelf beside "The Boys' King Arthur." As a specimen of its critical quality, I select the following passage, with the suggestion that it be read in connection with the report of the Federal Commission on the Packers: "One shudders to think of what fate would have befallen the United States if the monopolies which Roosevelt curbed while he was President had been allowed to flourish until this era of revolution."[3] The first three volumes of "Roosevelt, His Life, Meaning, and Messages" is a collection of important speeches, articles, and messages arranged by William Griffith; the fourth volume by Eugene Thwing is a rapid biographical compilation, journalistic, readable, and concluding with the happy thought that if the meaning of Roosevelt's life is fully appropriated we shall find in the next generation of Americans "a veritable race of moral giants."[4] Mr. Lewis's book, for which Mr. Taft supplies an introduction, is, of course, a work of quite another order. For the earlier period it is almost as entertaining as the Autobiography, and for the later years, particularly for the history of the Progressive movement, in which the author was an important participant, it is an independent authority and an animated and agreeable one with many small intimate strokes of appreciation. Mr. Lewis candidly announces that he considers his subject too near for "impartial judgment," and he lives up to this declaration most loyally, contending that practically everything Roosevelt said and did was exactly the right thing to say and do.[5]

The eulogists and biographers claim rather too much, and one could wish that they would take a little more pains to harmonize their favorite facts. In order to illustrate the power of mind over matter they all foster the tradition of Roosevelt's sickly youth. But Mr. MacIntire speaks of him in the New York Assembly as "this puny young chap" at just the period in which Mr. Thwing, after a reference to his "puny voice and puny hand," exhibits him knocking out the slugger Stubby Collins and mopping up the floor with "several" others. There is a similar discrepancy with regard to his linguistic attainments. Roosevelt himself testified that he was "lamentably weak in Latin and Greek"; but Mr. Thwing asserts that he was "a scholar of the first rank in the classics." One observer describes his conversational French at a luncheon in the White House as voluble, but regardless of accent and grammar; but Mr. Thwing says that "the savants of the Sorbonne heard him address them

[1] *Theodore Roosevelt. A Tribute.* By William Hard. Portland: Thomas B. Mosher.
[2] *Roosevelt. A Study in Ambivalence.* By George Sylvester Viereck. Jackson Press.
[3] *"Great Heart." The Life Story of Theodore Roosevelt.* By Niel MacIntire. Rudge Publishing Company.
[4] *Roosevelt, His Life, Meaning, and Messages.* By William Griffith and Eugene Thwing. Current Literature. 4 vols.
[5] *The Life of Theodore Roosevelt.* By William Draper Lewis. Philadelphia: John Winston Co.

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in as flawless French as they themselves could employ." Mr. MacIntire credits Roosevelt with the message ordering Dewey to sail into the port of Manila; Mr. Lewis says it has been established that Secretary Long sent it. Mr. Thwing makes him the discoverer and namer of the River of Doubt; Mr. Lewis represents him as only the explorer of that river which in his honor was renamed Teodoro by the Brazilian Government. When there is a difference with regard to verifiable facts, Mr. Lewis appears generally to be right. In the total estimates, however, there is no significant difference: the biographers agree that Roosevelt was "our typical American," and possessed every important virtue that we admire.

When the critical biographer arrives he will re-examine this total estimate. Perhaps he will be challenged to re-examination by a certain passage towards the end of Mr. Lewis's book: "In the year 1918, a friend referred to the year 1921 as the year when he [Roosevelt] would again enter the White House. He had been in one of his jocular moods, but he immediately became very serious. 'No,' he said, 'not I. I don't want it, and I don't think I am the man to be nominated. I made too many enemies, and the people are tired of my candidacy.'" Mr. Roosevelt knew "the people." When he said, "I made too many enemies, and the people are tired of my candidacy," he admitted what none of the biographers concedes, the waning of his star, his perception that he could no longer, as in 1904, say "We believe" with strong confidence that he was uttering the convictions of the overwhelming majority of his countrymen. Both he and "the people" had changed, but the people had changed more profoundly than he in ways which I shall attempt to indicate by sketching an answer to three questions: First, what were the dominant aspects of the national character at about the time of Mr. Roosevelt's advent in public life? Second, what significant alterations in the national psychology did he produce in the period during which his personality was most heartily accepted as an incarnation of the national character? Third, how and to what extent has his national representativeness diminished?

II.

Mr. Roosevelt did not emerge conspicuously on the national horizon till late in the nineties. The preceding decade appears to have contained extraordinarily little to kindle the imaginations of spirited and public-minded young men. There had been no war since the youth of their fathers. The Government pursued a policy of sombre rather than "splendid" isolation. The country offered its imposing attractions chiefly to the big business men. Captains of industry flourished like the green bay tree. For diversion there was riotous striking in the Carnegie Steel Works at Homestead; but the State militia put it down. In 1893 there was a financial panic; but it blew over. In 1894 Coxey led an army of the unemployed to Washington; but it dispersed like the chorus of a musical comedy amid general laughter. The Columbian Exposition, at the opening of which Chauncey Depew assisted, was on the whole a symbol of a period of unexampled material prosperity in commerce, agriculture, and manufactures. In 1896 William McKinley, son of an iron manufacturer and author of a tariff bill designed to protect the farmers from the plain people as the manufacturers had already been protected, was elected President under the skilful management of Mark Hanna, wholesale grocer, coal and iron merchant, later United States Senator. Mr. Roscoe Thayer remarks in his life of Hay that the most representative American in the third quarter of the century was P. T. Barnum; and the methods and ideals of Mark Hanna as political manager he compares to the methods and ideals of Barnum. From the popular magazines, reflecting current standards of success, the aspiring youth learned that by frugality and industry he might become as rich as Andrew Carnegie or John D. Rockefeller or as noble and distinguished as Chauncey Depew. The Plutocratic era lacked—outside the field of business—ideas, imagination, animating purpose.

Mark Twain, in some ways a singularly sensitive person, curiously illustrates the point. He possessed ambition and a restless energy which should, of course, have found satisfaction and ample reward in the production of literature; but in this decade he seems to have been irresistibly driven by the time-spirit to compete with the acknowledged leaders of American life in their own field. He spent himself trying to get rich and live in the grand style like his friend Carnegie and his friend Henry Rogers. Feverishly pushing his publishing house, his type-setting machine, and a half dozen projects for rolling up a fortune, he began to use literature as a mere handmaid to finance and to regard himself as a financier. He felt himself daily on the brink of immense wealth while he was actually headed for bankruptcy. His recently published letters give the emotional reaction. Reading the morning papers, he says, makes him spend the rest of the day "pleading for the damnation of the human race." "Man is not to me the respect-worthy person he was before; and so I have lost my pride in him, and can't write praisefully about him any more." He thinks that he detects in Howells something of his own ennui: "indifference to sights and sounds once brisk with interest; tasteless stale stuff which used to be champagne; the boredom of travel; the secret sigh behind the public smile; the private What-in-hell-did-I-come-for." With less bitterness Mr. Dooley—in 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's jubilee—testifies to the same effect in summarizing the achievements of his own time in America:

"While she was lookin' on in England, I was lookin' on in this counthry. I have seen America spread out fr'm th'. Atlantic to th' Pacific, with a branch office iv th' Standard Ile Comp'ny in ivry hamlet. I've seen th' shackles dropped fr'm th' slave, so's he cud be lynched in Ohio. . . . an' Corbett beat Sullivan, an' Fitz beat Corbett . . . An' th' invintions . . . th' cotton gin an' th' gin sour an' th' bicycle an' th' flyin' machine an' th' nickel-in-th'-slot machine an' th' Croker machine an' th' sody fountain an'—crownin' wurruk iv our civilization—th' cash raygister."

It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the effect of this busy but mercenary and humdrum national mind upon the finer spirits in the political arena. John Hay, for example, as Secretary of State under McKinley, seems to have gone earnestly about his work, suppressing now a yawn of disgust, now a sigh of despair. "Office holding *per se*," he writes in 1900, "has no attraction for me." He has some far-sighted policies for his department, but he can't put them through, for "there will always be 34 per cent. of the Senate on the blackguard side of every question that comes before them." Even more of this quiet disgust with American public life appears in the now celebrated diary of Henry Adams, a man who "had everything," born into the governing class yet holding no higher office than that of private secretary to his father unless it was the position of assist-

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ant professor of history at Harvard. When the latter position was offered to him, he remarked in a *blasé* tone which would have thunderstruck his great-grandfather: "It could not much affect the sum of solar energies whether one went on dancing with girls in Washington, or began talking to boys in Cambridge." Still more striking is Adams's analysis of the American character in government circles. It might be true, he said, in New York or Chicago that the American was "a pushing, energetic, ingenious person, always awake and trying to get ahead of his neighbors"; but it was not true in Washington. "There the American showed himself, four times in five, as a quiet, peaceful, shy figure, rather in the mould of Abraham Lincoln, somewhat sad, sometimes pathetic, once tragic; or like Grant, as inarticulate, uncertain, distrustful of himself, still more distrustful of others, and awed by money. That the American by temperament worked to excess, was true; work and whiskey were his stimulants; work was a form of vice; but *he never cared much for money or power after he earned them.* The amusement of the pursuit was all the amusement he got from it; he had no use for wealth."

While the national mind was absorbed in business why should young men born to wealth and social position strive to thrust themselves in between the captains of industry and their political representatives? Possessing at the start the objects of the race, why should they contend? Politics was generally described as dirty and uninspiring; why should they subject themselves to its soil and fatigue? How some of them were answering such questions, Jacob Riis revealed in his life of Roosevelt:

> They were having a reunion of his [Roosevelt's] class when he was Police Commissioner, and he was there. One of the professors told of a student coming that day to bid him goodby. He asked him what was to be his work in the world.
>
> "Oh!" he said, with a little yawn, "really, do you know, professor, it does not seem to me that there is anything that is much worth while."

III.

Then came the impact upon the national character of the Rooseveltian personality, persuaded that there are a hundred more interesting things than making money, all "worth while": hunting grizzlies, reforming, exploring, writing history, traveling, fighting Spaniards, developing a navy, governing men, reading Irish epics, building canals, swimming the Potomac with ambassadors, shooting lions, swapping views with kaisers, organizing new parties, and so on forever. Under the influence of this masterful force the unimaginative plutocratic psychology was steadily metamorphosed into the psychology of efficient, militant, imperialistic nationalism. When Roosevelt heard of the young man to whom nothing seemed much worth while, he is said to have struck the table a blow with his fist, exclaiming: "That fellow ought to have been knocked in the head. I would rather take my chances with a blackmailing policeman than with such as he." Mr. Riis remarks, "This is what Roosevelt got out of Harvard." But clearly he didn't get it out of Harvard. He found it—this wrath at the sluggard—in his own exuberant temperament. Most of his biographers foolishly insist that he had no extraordinary natural endowment. The evidence is all otherwise, indicating a marvellous physical and mental energy and blood beating so hot and fast through brain and sinew that he was never bored in his life. He never felt the ennui or the horrid languor of men like Hay and Henry Adams. He had such excess of animal spirits that, as every one knows, he was accustomed, after battling with assemblymen or senators, to have in a prize-fighter to knock him down.

Whatever delighted him he sought to inculcate upon the American people so that Rooseveltism should be recognized as synonymous with Americanism. Mr. Lewis is at some pains to point out that in his private life he was an old-fashioned gentleman and invariably dressed for dinner. The fact is mildly interesting, but its public influence was absolutely negligible. Rooseveltism can never be interpreted to mean dressing for dinner. Practically he was a powerful aider and abettor of the movement to banish the word "gentleman" from the American vocabulary, except as a term of contempt. He was ostentatious about his friendships with Mike Donovan, Fitzsimmons, Sullivan, and Battling Nelson, just as he was about his pursuit of the big game of North America, because he loved the larger vertebrates and wished to implant an affection for them in the national mind. In his sports he can hardly be called a typical American; the typical American cannot employ the champion pugilists, nor follow the Meadowbrook hounds, nor hunt elephants with a regiment of bearers. These are the sports of emperors and rajahs and the sporting sons of multimillionaires. Still Mr. Roosevelt took them up and journalized them in behalf of a strenuous athletic ideal for the nation. A powerful animal himself, he gloried, day in and day out, in the fundamental animal instincts and activities, reproductive and combative, the big family and the big stick, the "full baby carriage" and "hitting hard and hitting first"; and he preached them in season and out of season.

I will give two illustrations. On his return from slaughtering elephants in Africa, he stopped off in Berlin to tell the Germans about the world-movement. That was in 1910; and perhaps the Germans were then almost as well informed with regard to the world-movement as Mr. Roosevelt. But in those days his exuberance was very great; for it had been two years since he had sent a message to Congress, and he found relief for his pent-up energies in bestowing advice all the way around the European circuit. Accordingly he solemnly warned the Germans that one of "the prime dangers of civilization has always been its tendency to cause the loss of virile fighting virtues, of the fighting edge." At the same time he marked it as a reassuring sign of our modern period that there were then larger standing armies than ever before in the world. These words seemed to his German hearers so fitly spoken that they then and there made Mr. Roosevelt a doctor of philosophy. He lectured also at the Sorbonne, finding a text in a novel of Daudet's in which the author speaks of "the fear of maternity which haunts the young mother." The country in which that is generally true, cried Roosevelt to that country of declining birth-rate, is "rotten to the core." "No refinement of life," he continued, "can in any way compensate for the loss of the great fundamental virtues; and of these great fundamental virtues the greatest is the race's power to perpetuate the race."

Roosevelt's mental exuberance may be suggestively measured in this fashion. Mark Twain was a fairly voluble talker when he got under way. But Mark Twain was silent and overwhelmed in the presence of Rudyard Kipling. Kipling, then, had a certain flow of ideas. But Kipling was silent and overwhelmed in the presence of Roosevelt. Again I quote Mr. Thayer:

> I have heard Mr. Rudyard Kipling tell how he used to drop

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in at the Cosmos Club at half past ten or so in the evening, and presently young Roosevelt would come and pour out projects, discussions of men and politics, criticisms of books, in a swift and full-volumed stream, tremendously emphatic and enlivened by bursts of humor. "I curled up on the seat opposite," said Kipling, "and listened and wondered, until the universe seemed to be spinning round and Theodore was the spinner."

IV.

Roosevelt quickened the pace of national life by his own mental and physical speed. His special contribution, however, was not the discovery but the direction of strenuousness. The captains of industry had been strenuous enough. He found a new object for physical and mental energy on the grand scale. More than any other man of his time he made political eminence a prize of the first order by his own unequivocal preference of public service and glory to private opulence and ease. The exigencies of his later political life associated him indeed with what a western humorist has described as the "high-low-brows"; he consorted with publicans and sinners; he broke bread with bosses and malefactors of great wealth; he played up the prizefighters and the cowboys; he hurled hard epithets at Byzantine logothetes and college professors: so that one almost forgets that he began his career distinctly on the "high-brow" side as a "silk-stocking" reformer, supported by the vote of the "brown-stone fronts," foremost of the pure-principled purposeful young "college men in politics" in an era of sordid greed and corruption. But in the days when he was assemblyman at Albany, police commissioner, and civil service reformer, men did not speak of him nor did he speak of himself as a "practical politician." In those days there was a certain bloom on the fruit that he reached for; and he did not disdain to speak of himself as a "practical idealist." In that rôle he delighted even fastidious disciples of Charles Eliot Norton's fastidious school; and he exercised a wonderfully tonic influence upon well-bred young men of his generation.

His first great service was to his own prosperous class, to young men of means in college, to the "intellectuals" generally. He did not preach against wealth. He held, like the philosopher Frank Crane, that "men who get $20,000 a year and up are the most valuable citizens of the nation." On the other hand, he maintained, like that journalistic sage, that the man who inherits a million and spends his days playing bridge and changing his trousers is "a cootie on the body politic." To fortune's favored sons he declared the responsibilities of wealth and he taught the right uses of leisure. In the vein of Carlyle and Kipling he preached against an idle, pleasure-seeking life as not merely undesirable, but contemptible. He preached the gospel of work for every man that comes into the world, work to the uttermost of his capacity; responsibility for every advantage and every talent; ignominy and derision for the coward and the shirker and the soft-handed over-fastidious person who thinks public life too rough and dirty for his participation. Writing of machine politics in 1886, he said, rather fatalistically: "If steady work and much attention to detail are required, ordinary citizens, to whom participation in politics is merely a disagreeable duty, will always be beaten by the organized army of politicians to whom it is both duty, business, and pleasure, and who are knit together and to outsiders by their social relations." But in 1894 he put the bugle to his lips and summoned the more intelligent class of "ordinary citizens" to arms:

> The enormous majority of our educated men have to make their own living. . . . Nevertheless, the man of business and the man of science, the doctor of divinity and the doctor of law, the architect, the engineer, and the writer, all alike owe a *positive duty* to the community, the neglect of which they cannot excuse on any plea of their private affairs. They are bound to follow understandingly the course of public events; they are bound to try to estimate and form judgments upon public men; and they are bound to act intelligently and effectively in support of the principles which they deem to be right and for the best interests of the country. . . . If our educated men as a whole become incapable of playing their full part in our life, if they cease doing their share of the rough, hard work which must be done, and grow to take a position of mere dilettanteism in our public affairs, they will speedily sink in relation to their fellows who really do the work of governing, until they stand toward them as *a cultivated, ineffective man with a taste for bric-a-brac* stands toward a great artist. When once a body of citizens becomes thoroughly out of touch and out of temper with the national life, its usefulness is gone, and *its power of leaving its mark on the times is gone also.*

I have italicized in this passage the characteristic threefold appeal: the straightforward statement of duty, the craftily constructed contemptuous phrase for the dilettante, the quiet but significant reference to the rewards of virtue. In Roosevelt's heart there sang lifelong the refrain of Tennyson's ode on the Duke of Wellington, "The path of duty is the way to glory"; and he made it sing in the ears of his contemporaries till the blasé young man of the Yellow Nineties became unfashionable, yielding his place to the Man Who Does Things. This alteration of the national psychology was of profound importance. It marked the difference between a nation headed for decadence and a nation entering upon a renaissance; and Roosevelt's service in bringing it about can hardly be overvalued. Some appraisers of his merits say that his most notable achievement was building the Panama Canal. I should say that his most notable achievement was creating for the nation the atmosphere in which valor and high seriousness live, by clearing the air of the poisonous emanations of "superior" people:

> Let the man of learning, the man of lettered leisure, beware of that queer and cheap temptation to pose to himself and to others as the cynic, as the man who has outgrown emotions and beliefs, the man to whom good and evil are as one. The poorest way to face life is to face it with a sneer. . . . There is no more unhealthy being, no man less worthy of respect, than he who either really holds, or feigns to hold, an attitude of sneering contempt toward all that is great and lofty, whether in achievement or in that noble effort which, even if it fails, comes second to achievement. . . . The man who does nothing cuts the same sordid figure in the pages of history, whether he be cynic, fop, or voluptuary.

Preaching duty and meditating on glory, Roosevelt came up through the dull nineties as the apostle of "applied idealism"; and all good men spoke well of him. He seemed to be striking out a new and admirable type of public man: well bred but strenuous, ambitious but public-spirited, upright but practical and efficient—the idealist who gets things done which everyone agrees ought to be done. But few men guessed the height and depth of desire in this fighter of legislative crooks, this reformer of metropolitan police, this advocate of the merit system; and no one knew what his ideas and temperament would do to the national life if he became its acknowledged leader. In 1898 came the Spanish War, then the governorship of New York, the vice-presidency in 1900, and a year later Roosevelt was in the saddle. These events swiftly disclosed the wider horizon of his mind and

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the scope of his ambition for himself and for America. The war with Spain brought him forward as the Seminole War brought forward Andrew Jackson; and his personality was immensely responsible for the effect of that "incident" upon the national character.

V.

Mr. Roosevelt was an admirer of Thucydides, but he was a much less philosophical historian; for he says that the war with Spain was "inevitable," and leaves his readers to explain why. The small jingo class whose veins perennially throb with red blood and national honor fought, of course, to avenge the blowing up of the Maine. The mass of the plain people with their perennial simple-hearted idealism were persuaded that they were going in to set Cuba free, even after they discovered that they had also gone in to subjugate the Philippine Islands. Mr. J. A. Hobson, the English economist, says:

> Not merely do the trusts and other manufacturing trades that restrict their output for the home market more urgently require foreign markets, but they are also more anxious to secure protected markets, and this can only be achieved by extending the area of political rule. This is the essential significance of the recent change in American foreign policy as illustrated by the Spanish War, the Philippine annexation, the Panama policy, and the new application of the Monroe doctrine to the South American States. South America is needed as a preferential market for investment of trust "profits" and surplus trust products: if in time these States can be brought within a Zollverein under the suzerainty of the United States, the financial area of operations receives a notable accession.

There is an absence of rose-pink altruism in this explanation which should commend it to *The Chicago Tribune;* but Roosevelt, though the *Tribune's* chief hero, would certainly have rejected it for an interpretation at once more personal and more political.

It is fairly plain that this war, which he had done his utmost to prepare for and to bring about, was first of all an opportunity for a man of his strenuous leisure class with fighting blood and fighting edge to win personal distinction. He, himself, speaks of his baptism of fire as his crowded hour of glorious life; and throughout his narrative of the exploits of his regiment—"My men were children of the dragon's blood"—he exhibits a delight in fighting that reminds one of the exuberant praise of "glorious battle" uttered early in the late war by the Colonel of the Death's Head Hussars. He is as proud of personally bringing down his Spaniard as of slaying his first lion. He played his daring and picturesque part in a way to rehabilitate military glory in the national mind. But for the astonishing skill with which he wrung the last drop of dramatic interest from his troop of college men and cowboys the reverberations of the affair would soon have died away in the popular consciousness. He made the deeds of the Rough Riders a popular classic like Lexington and Bunker Hill. His little war did as much to kindle as Mr. Wilson's big war did to quench the military spirit; for Mr. Wilson went in with the grim determination of a chief of police, and Mr. Roosevelt with the infinite gusto of a big game hunter. His little war, as he himself declared, made him President.

In office, he did not sicken of power as did the Washingtonians of whom Henry Adams speaks. With the vast influence of his position he sought to mould the national mind and feelings into the likeness of his own. He sought to make the national mind virile, daring, imaginative, aggressive, and eager for distinction in the world. He preached to the nation as if it were a rich man of leisure with a splendid opening, made by his war, for the practice of the strenuous life. He set the example by magnifying his own office, concentrating power, teaching the public to look to the Federal Government as the controlling, dynamic, and creative centre of American life. His measures for the regulation of monopolies, his seizure of the canal zone, his irrigation acts, his reservation of public lands all exemplify in one way and another his aversion from the spirit of *laissez-faire,* his passion for identifying the state with the man who does things. In domestic affairs this policy generally estranged the "big interests" and won the support of the "plain people." In foreign affairs the big interests supported him, but the plain people were first dazzled, and then astonished, and then a little perplexed. The plain people do not understand foreign affairs.

Mr. McKinley, by instinct and upbringing a domestically-minded statesman, had indeed begun to speak in a resigned way of manifest destiny with regard to our newly acquired island possessions. He could hardly do otherwise, for this was the midsummer time of the imperial enthusiasm of the "Anglo-Saxons." These were the days of Rhodesian dreamers; Kitchener was fighting in Egypt; Roberts was fighting in South Africa; and in 1899 Mr. Kipling struck up his famous chant: "Take up the white man's burden, send forth the best ye breed." And so Mr. McKinley gravely recognized our manifest destiny in the Far East. Yet John Hay says that he was called in by McKinley to discuss foreign affairs not more than once a month, but that as soon as Roosevelt was in office he was called upon every day. It was Roosevelt first who embraced manifest destiny with the joy of an enkindled political imagination. It was he that resolutely sought to waken the expansive energies of the nation and to give it the fighting edge and the will to prevail in the impending conflicts of the powers. It was he that tirelessly went up and down the land declaring that the imperialistic tendencies developed by the Spanish War were tokens of national virility and that the responsibilities of the new foreign policy were glorious opportunities for men of the heroic mood imbued with the new Rooseveltian Americanism.

If we are to mark his place in the spiritual history of the times, we must clearly understand the temper which, at the turn of the century, he brought into our era of atrocious international conflicts. Nowhere, perhaps, did he declare more eloquently the gospel of militant imperialistic nationalism than in his address on The Strenuous Life, delivered before the Hamilton Club of Chicago in 1899:

> The timid man, the lazy man, the man who distrusts his country, the over-civilized man who has lost the great fighting virtues, the ignorant man, and the man of dull mind, whose soul is incapable of feeling the mighty lift that thrills "stern men with empires in their brains"—all these, of course, shrink from seeing the nation undertake its new duties . . . The army and navy are the sword and shield which the nation must carry if she is to do her duty among the nations of the earth. . . . The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by, and will win for themselves the domination of the world. Let us, therefore, boldly face the life of strife . . . Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation—for it is only through strife, through

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hard and dangerous endeavors, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

That the sentiments and principles here expressed sound very familiar to us today is not, I fancy, because most of us have been reading Roosevelt's addresses of the Spanish War period, but because we have been reading the utterances of the Pan-Germans whom Roosevelt himself in 1910 was adjuring not to lose the fighting edge and whom he was congratulating on the size of European military establishments as a sign of health and virility. Retrospectively considered, his solicitude for the fighting edge of the Germans reminds one of the matador in Blasco Ibáñez's "Blood and Sand," who, it will be remembered, prays for a "good bull." With the essentials in the religion of the militarists of Germany, Roosevelt was utterly in sympathy. He believed that if you kept your fighting edge keen enough no one would seriously question your righteousness. The only significant difference in objects was that while they invoked the blessing of Jehovah upon Pan-Germany he invoked it upon Pan-America, meaning the United States and her dependencies, protectorates, and spheres of influence—and the Pan-America of his dream made Mittel-Europa look like a postage-stamp. The highest point of his working upon the national mind, the point at which his powerful personality most nearly succeeded in transforming the national character from its original bias, was that in which he made it half in love with military glory, half in love with empire-building, half in love with the sort of struggle which was preparing in Europe for the domination of the earth.

VI.

The American leader of militant imperialistic nationalism fell at the end of his last great fight, a fight which, it may be soberly said, he had done his utmost both immediately and remotely to prepare for and to bring about. All his friends and many who were not his friends give him credit for the immediate preparation. But few of his friends claim or admit his profounder part in the preparation of the stage for the conflict, the will of the combatants, the conditions of the struggle, the prizes of victory. The preparation runs far back to the days when he began to preach the strenuous life in the flush of the Spanish War, to the days when he dangled before our eyes "those fair tropic islands," to the days when he boasted that he had taken Panama and let Congress debate after the act. In the stunning clash of militant imperialistic nations, a clash which was the "inevitable" goal of his lifelong policy as it is that of every imperialist, he towered above his fellow-citizens constantly and heroically calling to arms. His countrymen rose, but not for his battle. They fought, but not for his victory. Time and events with remorseless irony made him the standard-bearer and rallying point for an American host dedicated to the destruction of his policy of militant imperialistic nationalism abroad and at home. He said "Belgium," he mentioned Germany's transgressions of law; and his countrymen cheered and buckled on their armor. But if, during the war, he had dared to exhort them, as in the earlier time, "to face the life of strife for the domination of the world," they were in a mood to have torn him in pieces. In that mood they fought and won their war. Highly as they valued his instrumental services, the principles on which they waged it and the objects which they sought drew them away from Roosevelt and towards Lincoln and Washington.

At the present time it is obvious to everyone that a faction of his old friends, incorrigibly born and bred in militant imperialistic nationalism, are making a fight over his body to wrest from the simple-hearted idealistic plain people the fruits of victory. Gloomy observers—too gloomy, I think—declare that the fruits are already gone. The exponents of nationalistic egoism and selfishness will win some partial and temporary triumphs in this as in other countries. In the immediate future the memory of Roosevelt will be the most animating force among our American Junkers. There will be an attempt to repopularize just those Bismarckian characteristics of their hero which made him so utterly unlike Lincoln—his moral hardness, his two-fistedness, the symbolic big stick. But his commanding force as chief moulder of the national mind is over. He must take his rank somewhere among the kings and kaisers in competition with whom he made his place in the spiritual history of his times. He can never again greatly inspire the popular liberal movement in America. The World War has too profoundly discredited the masters of *Weltpolitik* in his epoch. It has too tragically illuminated the connections between the cataclysm and the statecraft and militaristic psychology behind it. He was a realist with no nonsense about him; but all the realists of the period are now under suspicion of being unrealistic in that they ignored the almost universal diffusion of "nonsense" or idealism among mankind. When Mr. Roosevelt fell out with "practical" men, he almost invariably strengthened his position with the plain people. It was when he offended their "nonsense"—as in his vindictive and ruthless onslaughts upon his successor and his great rival, and in his conduct of the Panama affair—that they began to doubt whether he had the magnanimity, the fairness of mind, the love of civil ways requisite to guide them towards the fulfillment of their historic destiny. He developed a habit of speaking so scornfully of "over-civilization" and so praisefully of mere breeding and fighting as to raise the question that he himself raised about Cromwell, whether he had an adequate theory of ends, and whether he did not become so fascinated with his means as frequently to forget his ends altogether.

Take the ever-burning matter of militarism. His apologists, like those of the Kaiser, all declare that he loved peace; and one can quote passages to prove it. I will quote a beautiful passage from his speech in Berlin in 1910: "We must remember that it is only by working along the lines laid down by the philanthropists, by the lovers of mankind, that we can be sure of lifting our civilization to a higher and more permanent plane of well-being than ever was attained by any preceding civilization. Unjust war is to be abhorred—." I pause to ask whether any one thinks this remark about working on the lines of philanthropists and lovers of mankind is characteristic Rooseveltian doctrine. I now quote the rest of the passage: "But woe to the nation that does not make ready to hold its own in time of need against all who would harm it. And woe thrice over to the nation in which the average man loses the fighting edge." I stop again and ask whether any one thinks that is *not* characteristic Rooseveltian doctrine? Why does the second of these sentences sound perfectly Rooseveltian and the first absolutely not? Because into the first he put a stroke of the pen; into the second the whole emphasis of his character. The first is his verbal sop to the idealist; the second is his impassioned message to his generation.

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By his use of rhetorical balance he gives a superficial appearance of the mental equivalent; but by his violent and infallible emphasis he becomes the greatest concocter of "weasel" paragraphs on record. In time his hearers learned to distinguish what he said from what he stood for, the part of his speech which was official rhetoric from the part that quivered with personal force.

He said, it is true, that "mere fervor for excellence in the abstract is a great mainspring for good work"; but in practice he night and day denounced in the most intolerant language those who exhibited mere fervor for excellence in the abstract, and even those who sought excellence by other ways than his. He professed love for the plain people; but the Progressive episode looks today, so far as he was concerned, like a momentary hot fit and political aberration of a confirmed Hamiltonian, regarding the plain people not so much socially as politically, not so much as individuals as a massive instrument for the uses of the state and the governing class. He said that he had a regard for peace but he made plain that he loved and valued war; and he denounced every one else who said a good word for peace, he reviled every type of pacifist so mercilessly as to rouse suspicion as to whether he really cared a rap for the *object* of the pacifists. He expressed approval of arbitration; but he invariably followed up such expressions with an assertion that the only effective arbitrator is a man in shining armor. He avowed a desire for international order; but his imagination and his faith did not rise to a vision of other ways of attaining it than the ways of Alexander and Caesar—by the imperial dominion of armed power; and he denounced other modes of working for international order so bitterly as to raise a doubt as to his regard for the object. He admitted, like many of his followers, a faint and eleventh-hour respect for the abstract idea of a league of nations; but he led in raising such a thunder of opposition to the only league within sight and reach that he weakened the hands of the American framers, and raised a question as to what he meant in the old days by his fiery declamation against those who "make the impossible better forever the enemy of the possible good."

Mr. Roosevelt has attained satisfactions which he thought should console fallen empires: he has left heirs and a glorious memory. How much more glorious it might have been if in his great personality there had been planted a spark of magnanimity. If, after he had drunk of personal glory like a Scandinavian giant, he had lent his giant strength to a cause of the plain people not of his contriving nor under his leadership. If in addition to helping win the war he had identified himself with the attainment of its one grand popular object. From performing this supreme service he was prevented by defects of temper which he condemned in Cromwell, a hero whom he admired and in some respects strikingly resembled. Cromwell's desire, he says, was to remedy specific evils. He was too impatient to found the kind of legal and constitutional system which would prevent the recurrence of such evils. Cromwell's extreme admirers treat his impatience of the delays and shortcomings of ordinary constitutional and legal proceedings as a sign of his greatness. It was just the reverse. . . . His strength, his intensity of conviction, his delight in exercising powers for what he conceived to be good ends; his dislike for speculative reforms and his inability to appreciate the necessity of theories to a practical man who wishes to do good work . . . all these tendencies worked together to unfit him for the task of helping a liberty-loving people on the road to freedom.

Literature

Liberals in War

How We Went Into the War. By Irene Cooper Willis. London: The National Labour Press.

"A STUDY of Liberal Idealism," the sub-title of Irene Cooper Willis's "How We Went Into the War," though a correct index to the contents, yet leads the reader to expect a rather different trend of analysis from that contained in this volume. We are so used to seeing the words "liberal" and "idealism" used as terms descriptive of broad, intelligent, and fruitful effort that it seems paradoxical to find, as here, that it was the very idealism of the Liberals which lit the fiercest flames of public passion in the war. It was they, too, who provided their less imaginative Conservative brethren with most of the slogans which served as useful tools for transferring the war, originally designated as one for British interests, to the more appealing ground of a Holy War. "It was the Liberal aversion to war, the extreme Liberals' dissatisfaction with the vital interest argument, combined with their final submission to the fact of war, which made this war different from previous ones and consecrated it from the outset as a war on behalf of civilization." That such ideas are now so utterly discredited shows, of course, merely that their general adoption was one of the letter rather than the spirit, but it is also clear that an idealism grounded on an illogical compromise, as an easy way out of an impossible situation, could hardly have been expected to bear good fruit. It becomes very clear in these pages why the old Liberal party is as good as dead, and why the best brains from among its ranks have left it one by one to join those of the Labor party.

The author admits in the preface that the book will probably be taken as an indictment of liberalism and is therefore careful to explain that it "is not an indictment of Liberalism, taking Liberalism to mean the Liberal movement which has been occupied during the last century with the struggle for political, social, economic, and religious freedom; it is an indictment only of the attitude of Liberals during this war. Indictment, however, is too strong a word, since it cannot justly be applied in dealing with unconscious self-deception, and to apply it, where in the great majority of cases there has been no deliberate intellectual dishonesty, is to confuse two very different states of mind, namely, hypocrisy and self-delusion. . . . In the case of the majority of Liberals, there was no hypocrisy; there was merely self-delusion, and as we study the self-delusion of Liberals at the outbreak of the war, we realize that it arose, primarily, from the fact that at the outbreak of war, the Liberals were caught napping, and, hurriedly awakening, found themselves in a most uncomfortable predicament." It is difficult to comprehend how the British Liberal public can have been as blind to the trend of foreign affairs in the years preceding the war as is here shown, when the alarmist utterances of the Northcliffe press, Lord Roberts's campaign for preparation, and the frequent military and strategic articles foreshadowing the probable plans of campaign are remembered. To preserve such ignorance their reading must have been narrowed down to a most illiberal compass. The author considers that this obliviousness to the ominous state of foreign affairs was largely a matter of temperament with the average Liberal. "The conception of conflict between nations, on which foreign policy was based, was distasteful to him; he had no wish to acknowledge it. He was internationally minded; he believed in concord between nations, and so ardently that he did not question overmuch whether concord between nations actually existed." This was all too true of liberals everywhere before the war, but this indifference to actual facts cannot wholly absolve them from blame in what followed. "The honest critic," as the author says, "sees responsibility existing in inertia as well as in activity—he sees it in unconscious self-deception as well as in deliberate intent."

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"How We Went Into the War" is not a book in the usual sense of the word, but is mainly a reprint of representative articles from Liberal organs and influential Liberal writers in the days just preceding the war and the first months after it, which tell their own story of the course of Liberal convictions. After a short preliminary chapter on Pre-War Feeling, the most valuable part of the book follows under the heading of The Leader Writers. Herein is traced the Liberal editorial policy of Great Britain from the last week of July, 1914, to the date of British participation in the war, contrasted here and there with extracts from Tory papers of the same period. These leaders not only bring vividly back to mind the tense excitement of those final days when the fate of the world still hung in the balance, but are of particular interest at this juncture in the light of the Peace Treaty. The calm detached judgment of these pre-war editorials, and their confident prognostications, once it had begun, as to how it would have to be settled if a peace worth while were to result, throw vivid illumination on the ignominy involved in many of the settlements now at issue. The pathetic confidence of Liberals that a Liberal government would be powerful enough to prevent catastrophe, their gradual disillusionment as to their country's real position in European politics about which they had been deceived, and their consequent realization that the British must inevitably participate under any circumstances are here made graphic. There is a dramatic account of that momentous sitting of the House of Commons on August 3, when Sir Edward Grey first broke the news of the binding character of the understanding with France, that potent brake upon England's freedom of action which had been so frequently denied in the House, and of the splendid speeches in opposition which Mr. Balfour so scathingly denounced as the "dregs and lees of the debate." Then follows the swift transition from the period of criticism and discussion to the actual state of war, and with it the prompt evolution of Liberal feeling to the conclusion, necessarily inadequate to all thinking minds, that "being in, we must win."

From this point is traced the rapid growth of the idea of a Holy War. "It is largely due to the Liberal papers that the war came to be so fraught with higher than material aims." The Conservatives, with a simpler if cruder philosophy, based mainly on the idea of the Balance of Power, wholeheartedly accepted the outbreak of hostilities; "they had seen it coming and welcomed it like an old friend." The Liberals, on the other hand, were faced with the necessity of reconciling their previous doubts and fears with their sense of patriotic duty. Being unable to square the facts, they shirked the issue and took refuge in an ecstatic idealism. "Present Peace being unattainable, despite all their efforts to secure it, Future Peace became the goal of their frustrated ambitions. War had broken out though they tried to prevent it. 'It must never happen again' was the prayer with which they turned to the future." Their very aversion to war led Liberals to an hysterical presentation of "The War to End War," since without some such motives to give them inspiration they could not have entered wholeheartedly into the struggle. This part of the book gives many quotations from Mr. Wells and from Mr. Chesterton, quotations in which these outraged idealists far out-jingoed the jingoes and confused the terms peace and war by counting for peace only those who were for war. So potent and arresting was their phraseology, indeed, that it soon came to be universally adopted, just as the Conservative state of mind grew more and more powerful as the war progressed.

Querying what stand the Liberals might have taken, the author of this little book suggests: "The Liberals might have said upon the outbreak of war: 'The war is upon us. Patriotism forbids our withholding support, there can be no question of our not participating, since we are "in," but while we are "in," and while we support it, we shall not cease to maintain that *it ought to have been avoided, that a better foreign policy, a more prudent statesmanship would have avoided it; that a mistaken course of foreign policy, pursued over ten years, has led us into the terrible conflict in which we are now engaged, and, while we fight, we shall continue to urge this belief.*' Their support of the war, under these circumstances, would have been conditional, not upon victory for their country's arms—('Being in, we must win')—but upon the triumph of their belief: '*We believe that the conviction that that policy was a mistake will steadily conquer the minds of the English people and that they will one day come to the resolution that it is an error which must not be repeated.*' (*Daily News*, August 5, 1914)."

The final section of the book is devoted to an attempt to analyze the processes of Liberal mentality. Though perhaps of interest to those of dissective minds, for the average reader this part could have been shortened and put more plainly. We are all acquainted with war fever and the symptoms it engenders, and know how much easier it is for individuals or parties to go the way of least resistance. As the author justly says: "The power of emotion in shaping men's thoughts and actions, the futility of logic to upset men's convictions, the extent to which the human mind is ruled by unconscious motives, are among the discoveries of modern psychological research. No truer judgment upon mankind has been passed than the sentence: 'They know not what they do.'" Such a compilation as this book contains should be most useful as a clearing-ground for present thought, and should serve to restore the original issues of the war, now obscured by the smoke of the years of fighting, to such lucidity as they may once have had. If some such presentation of the liberal case were to be made in all countries the results would prove invaluable material for purposes of comparative study. Its value might have been enhanced had the quotations extended over a greater reach of time, but to remedy this a second volume, "How We Came Out of the War," is announced to be in preparation.

Sparkling Burgundy

Colas Breugnon. By Romain Rolland. Paris: Librairie Paul Ollendorff.

THERE is a wine called sparkling Burgundy. This book flows with it. The wonder and delight is that such bubbling Falstaffian humor should have come out of that house of a thousand souls which sustained the tragic elevation of "Jean-Christophe" and the austere grandeur of the "Life of Michael Angelo." It is as if a church organ burst into roars of pagan laughter. The book—it was finished in May, 1914, withheld from publication during the war, and is published now without alterations*—is a plain case of the author's creative "daimon" seizing him by the scruff of the neck and dictating itself. He confesses to have had other works in preparation when "Colas Breugnon" came and demanded to be written. It was largely a reaction against his ten years' concentration on "Jean-Christophe."

M. Rolland seats us in the soul of a seventeenth-century craftsman in the Burgundian city of Clamecy. We look out through his eyes on the political and religious chaos which sorts so oddly with the placid abundance of the sun-drenched countryside: we eat and drink with his prodigious gusto; shake our sides with his Rabelaisian humor; cock an eye of derisive skepticism at the embattled theologies; and transfix the political bubbles with a shaft of satire which the past five years have served only to sharpen. And, without any of the elaborate pedantry of an Anatole France, we are made to feel as completely at home in that age and with the people of Clamecy as though we could find our way among them in the dark.

Colas is an artist, one of those whose rich fancies are congealed on the sculptured façades of the French cathedrals. "Joy of the cunning hand," he exclaims, "of the intelligent fingers under which one sees a fragile work of art take shape. Joy of the spirit which commands the forces of the earth, which inscribes in the wood, in the iron, or the stone the caprice ordained of its noble fantasie!" He is well past middle age; none too

*It is soon to appear in an English version, published by Henry Holt and Company.

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happily married; his true love frustrated in a fashion half burlesque, half tragedy ("I wept with one eye and laughed with the other"); he has a brood of children and grandchildren who variously excite his amazement, his disgust, his humor, and his tenderest affection. Red wine or bread of affliction, he knows the bitter as well as the sweet of life, smacks his lips over it all, laughs, and pronounces it good. It is out of this mellow old hide that M. Rolland pours his sparkling Burgundy.

To particularize: For those who have ears to hear there is the episode of "The Shepherd, the Wolf, and the Sheep." To protect the town the Duke's soldiers are quartered on the people. The soldiers eat and drink them out of house and home, then move on. Whereupon the people exhume their hidden spoons and hams. The "Wolf" comes—a marauding band from a neighboring province. The "Sheep" huddle in the walled town and there is desultory fighting, enlivened by Gallic wit and horse-play. Wolf and Sheep finally realize that there is nothing in it for either. They compromise and make peace. The Wolf departs—just in time to prevent the Duke's troops, the "Shepherd," from seizing the excuse to return and devour what is left under the pretext of protecting the Sheep. So the Shepherd departs sheepishly and the Sheep exclaim: "What fools we are to fight for the benefit of our guardians. If we had no enemies they would invent some in order to defend us. God save us from our saviors! Let us save ourselves without their help. Poor sheep! If we had only to defend ourselves against the wolf we would get on very well. But who will defend us from the shepherd?"

"The Revolt," an episode of the town demoralized by a plague and then seized by a band of thieves who thrive solely by the cowardly selfishness of the bourgeoisie, is a tract for our times. Each hopes to save himself by throwing his neighbor to the dogs. Thus the dogs are eating them all. The political expedient of Colas in extricating his townsmen, written though it was five years ago, is, by the sheer accuracy of its social analysis, prophetic of the process which has and will produce dictatorships of the proletariat. His moral is "If you want help from the king, help yourself."

In every goblet of his Burgundy is the spicy tang of political satire; but under it is always the warming flavor of his mellow humanity. In the idyll of Colas's little love, "Bellete," are the ardors of hot young blood chilled by contrary humors, the poetry and innocence of honest passion crossed by the pangs of youth's instinctive chastity, a tale of true love gone awry; and, after a meeting of the two in the evening of their lives, the vigil of Colas all night under the oak, alone with his frustrations and his tears; then dawn, the blithe twitter of birds and the reawakening of his merry heart to relish of life.

Most political satirists are constrained to invent an imaginary country. M. Rolland fits his cartoon into the ornate frame of French history, where it utters his love and admiration of the French race, his laughter at and with them, in the language of their own past. And what profusion of thought and poetry; what prodigality of life is heaped into these pages! As if this were the first chance the author had had to write a book and as if he never expected to have another. There is the shrewd banter at the Church, intimating that it never, even in those days, so completely ruled the roost as it would have us suppose: a comico-grisly picture of average people during an epidemic—"human nature surprised without its chemise: not a pretty sight"; a bold lapse into paganism on the part of Colas and the old nurse in their anguish to save the little Glodie from the croup—this for a hint of how thin was the encrustation of Christianity over mediæval minds; the burning of Colas's house through the stupid pest-terror of his neighbors, with the destruction of his choicest work of a lifetime—a calamity which is caught up at the end in a flame of ideal beauty by the act of a little apprentice and its instant response in the sweet soul of old Colas. And finally we are taught, with him, how an old man, widowed, ruined, and disabled, can retire on his inner riches in the house where he must dwell as a dependent: "The more one is deprived of, the richer he is: for the spirit creates that which it lacks; the pruned tree mounts higher toward heaven. The less I have the more I am."

"Colas Breugnon" is unique, like every other work M. Rolland has produced. It reads like a collaboration of Mark Twain and Tolstoi. The writing is incredibly effortless. The book sounds as though it had written itself. Already Romain Rolland is becoming to our age a figure to whom free minds turn as flowers to the sun. But he is something more. He is a profound thinker who knows how to laugh.

America for British Ears

The America of Today. Edited by Gaillard Lapsley. Cambridge University Press.

A SERIES of lectures on movements in American life, delivered at the height of the war to an English audience by American lecturers, might be looked upon as an occasion for stretching to the utmost emphasis the kinship between the two peoples in ideals, institutions, and manners. It reflects great credit on the sobriety and dignity of American scholarship, and it is a compliment to the intelligence of their audience, that the papers which make up "The America of Today" are in the main dispassionate in their analysis, judicious in their conclusions, and temperate in statement. Even Professor Hazeltine's paper on English Influence on American Ideals of Justice and Liberty, in which the thesis is conspicuous, cannot be said to overstate the point. If an exception has to be made, it is in the case of the address on The Position of Women in America by a Mrs. Bowlker. The desire for resembling her sisters across the sea betrays the lady into a deference towards what is cultured and established which verges on snobbishness and into an exaggerated horror of the newer and cruder elements which argues a distressing want of sympathy. "In England," she says regretfully, "except in the ranks of labor the poor women are grateful for sympathy and guidance given to them by ladies of inherited education and position if that help be offered with kindness and tact. But in America the poor women, the native as well as the foreign born, resist every effort to help them, no matter how kindly given, regarding it as an impertinent intrusion into the privacy of their domestic lives." We would commend to Mrs. Bowlker the very wise and true observation, in the same volume, of Lord Eustace Percy in accounting for the great influence which Tammany wields over the very people who are the cause of her despair. Lord Percy's two papers on State and Municipal Government and Social Legislation and Administration survey the field with an expert touch and a light critical insinuation, but in the very friendliest spirit and in a graceful tone. The lectures of Mr. Philip B. Kennedy on American Industrial Conditions and The Relation of American Government to Business are too much concerned with the surface. One would never guess, with Mr. Kennedy as a guide, that labor counted as a factor in American industrial conditions. Professor Cunliffe contributes an agreeable sketch of the beginnings of American universities, and Dr. MacLean writes very briefly of State universities and school systems. Altogether admirable is the lecture by Mr. Jerome Greene outlining Some Aspects of Recent Party History. It is a model of lucid and compact exposition, the most informing of the papers in the volume. It is difficult to imagine a better treatment of the subject in anything like the same space. Dr. H. S. Canby, in a thoughtful essay, presents the claims of American literature modestly, though not apologetically. In addition to alleging plausibly the explanations which are often advanced for the failure of our literature to find a national utterance, Dr. Canby offers a classification of the product into aristocratic, democratic, dilettante, and bourgeois, provoking by his illustrations, however, a question as to the usefulness of his categories. If Henry James and Miss Agnes Repplier are both aristocrats, one demonstrates it by his culti-

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vation of the most refined intellectual sensations, the other by asserting the superior antiquity of her family and her household belongings in a world in which the new is ever uncomfortably jostling the old. If the poems of Mr. Edgar Lee Masters and the addresses of President Wilson (of the pre-Versailles period, be it understood) are both democratic, what a vast unbridged chasm there must be between the democratic real and the democratic ideal! We accept with less reservation Dr. Canby's characterization of our "bourgeois" literature.

We have reserved for final mention the particular gem of the collection, Mr. Santayana's paper on William James and Josiah Royce. Significantly, this address is not entitled American Philosophy but Two American Philosophers. The disciples of James will probably be scandalized at having his "Pragmatism" dismissed as a somewhat incidental book along with "The Will to Believe" and "The Varieties of Religious Experience." But Mr. Santayana captivates by the serene sense of mastery in his judgment, the deftness of his characterization, and the unrivalled brilliancy of his phrasing. For want of space to reproduce a tenth part of the good things which Mr. Santayana heaps up in a few pages, we shall quote the sentences which come closest to summarizing his opinion of his two distinguished colleagues. William James, he says, was "a mystic in love with life. He was comparable to Rousseau and to Walt Whitman; he expressed a generous and tender sensibility, rebelling against sophistication, and preferring daily sights and sounds, and a vague but indomitable faith in fortune, to any settled intellectual tradition calling itself science or philosophy." Of Royce, skeptic and prophet, he concludes that "while he has wrestled with the deepest questions like a young giant, he has not won the fight. I mean, he has not seen his way to any one of the various possibilities about the nature of things, but has remained entangled, sincerely, nobly, pathetically, in contrary traditions stronger than himself. In the goodly company of philosophy he is an intrepid martyr."

An English Historian of Germany

The German Empire: 1867-1914. By William Harbutt Dawson. The Macmillan Company. 2 vols.

THE first question which occurs to one in picking up these two stout volumes does not concern the competence of the writer, who is a well-known English authority on German affairs; rather it turns on the point whether it is possible, while passions are still recent, for even a judicial historian to tell the story of his national enemy with any degree of fair-mindedness. Mr. Dawson has in a measure forestalled criticism on this score by the engaging candor with which he admits in his preface that he has not written his history impersonally, nor indeed tried to do so; he will be content, he says, to preserve the mean between a colorless formalism and excessive subjectivity. In this he may be said to have succeeded admirably, and it is just this success which gives the book a valid *raison d'être*. For temporary purposes at least and for those "general readers" to whom it is addressed it is one of the most useful summaries of modern German history to be found in English. The narrative moves rapidly enough to maintain interest, and the style, soberly clear but without glitter, is eminently readable.

The scope of the book, it should be noted, is much greater than the main title would indicate. The subjoined line "and the Unity Movement," which appears on the title page, justifies the author in reaching far back of the year 1867. In fact, the bulk of the first volume is taken up with events and tendencies prior to the beginning of the Empire. It is amply evident that this preliminary period has attracted the author more than the imperial splendor of later days. The book is written, so an intelligent German would immediately insist, by one who is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of English *Parlamentarismus*. "The story of the Frankfort National Assembly," says Mr. Dawson, "is an epic of failure, it is true, yet of a failure more heroic and honorable than many brilliant successes." Why, he goes on to ask, do German politics make so slight an appeal to the outside world? It is because in German parliamentary life there is no serious struggle but rather histrionics and sham combats, in which the contestants know in advance that there can be but little practical result. The author surveys events in Germany from the standpoint of a moderate liberal who regards constitutional government as axiomatic. Therein lies his bias much more than in his views upon international affairs.

The honest endeavor to preserve dispassionate judgment is particularly commendable in the account of Anglo-German relations. Germany, of course, receives the major part of the blame, but Mr. Dawson's own country is not acquitted without severe reprimand. The English failure to understand and appreciate the movement toward unity in Germany, the meddlesome and muddling policy of the British Government, the hostility of the Tories and the apathy of the Whigs, all created a deep-seated resentment in Germany which laid the foundation for future trouble. But on the crucial question of commercial relations he has these words to say which are none the less pregnant because they are so obviously true: "In one respect, however, German strictures upon Great Britain were singularly out of place. For the country which was held to have endeavored to throw obstacles in the way of Germany's economic advancement had been the first to proclaim the doctrine of commercial equality in all parts of the world. It was forgotten at the time that whenever Germany had knocked at the doors of British colonies these doors had been opened to her on equal terms with the mother country, and that if many countries were now guarding their markets more jealously than heretofore, it was Germany which had set the example by the pursuance of a policy of extreme protection." The writer is perhaps on less secure ground when he asserts that nothing that is known of the inner history of the Triple Entente can be held to justify the assumption that its purpose was to harass, thwart, and ultimately isolate Germany. But coming to the immediate occasion of the great war, he does not hesitate to say that Serbia was by no means free from reproach, just as earlier he had censured Denmark for her provocative attitude on the Schleswig-Holstein question. In a word, Mr. Dawson tries hard to be fair.

Bismarck, whom the author had been privileged to meet and converse with, is naturally the protagonist in these pages. The judgment upon him does not differ essentially from that of Mr. G. C. Robertson in his recently published biography. An utter unscrupulousness about the means he employed is signalized as his cardinal moral defect. The success of his statesmanship must be judged, so it is urged, by its effects upon the world at large. Much that he did for Germany was done at the expense of other countries, and in settling the question of German unity he unsettled other questions which have never since ceased to be a source of national disquiet and danger.

Napoleon III fares better than he does at the hands of most other historians. He is made to appear one of those "problematic characters" (to use a favorite German phrase) whose very genuine humanitarianism often came into conflict with his guiding maxims of nationality, equilibrium, and compensation, and these maxims in turn with each other, as much through force of circumstances as by lack of a master principle or an all-controlling will. Still more interesting just now is Mr. Dawson's denial that Queen Victoria was unduly Teutonic in her predilections—a point of view which has received striking corroboration by the recent publication of extracts from her letters and diaries.

The treatment of German socialism is not wholly appreciative. Marxism is regarded as poor intelligence and worse tactics. The writer's sympathy is reserved for the revisionist wing of the party, which he believes to have been surely gaining the ascendancy before 1914. But throughout, as might be expected, he views with an affectionate eye even the most spasmodic symptoms of liberalism in the Empire.

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Diverse Doctrines

Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings with the assistance of John A. Selbie . . . and Louis H. Gray . . . Volume IX, Mundas-Phrygians. Volume X, Picts-Sacraments. Charles Scribner's Sons.

IF mediocrity is ever golden it is in an encyclopædia. There one hardly expects, and rarely gets, either new material, original construction, or brilliant exposition; what is wanted, rather, is a full body of accurate information digested into convenient form and presented acceptably to the public that the editor has in mind, be it learned or "lewd." In an encyclopædia what O. Henry calls "the dreams of average" are properly realized.

Considering the enormous range of his subject, Dr. Hastings's choice of material has been good. If occasionally a doubt arises —for example, as to why there is an article on mathematical Probability and why there is not an article on Orphism—far more often one is struck by the catholicity of the editor's judgment. Intending to include all religions and all ethical systems in his purview, he has, in fact, done full justice to primitive and pagan philosophies and to all "the beastly devices of the heathen." Unaffrighted by that vast field of comparative religion in which some theologians see nothing but superlative irreligion, he has been lavish in his attention to savages and superstitions. The article Sabbath is all on heathen and Jewish rest days; that on Rosaries is mostly on the non-Christian kinds; of the fifty-six pages on Music only fourteen are on church music—and not one, by the way, on modern secular composers, though it is hard to see why Beethoven and Wagner have not as much ethical significance as the tomtom and the ukelele. Old Age is treated almost wholly from the standpoint of the ancients and of the inferior races. Of fifty-one pages on Prayer nine only are on the Christian conception; the fifty-eight pages on Priesthood exclude any reference to the Christian Ministry, reserved for a separate article.

The student of folk-lore will therefore reap a harvest in these volumes. There is hardly a race or a tribe, from Negroes to Navahos, from Pastoral peoples to Parsis, that is not fully described. Under such headings as Nature and Names are grouped a vast array of curious facts; Noses and other parts of the body with special religious significance are fully dealt with. Prodigies and portents, of course, come in for lengthy description, and even the bearing of the Points of the Compass for the sky-pilot is carefully charted. The cumulative effect of reading all the material on this subject in two large volumes is overwhelming. In what an arid and uncanny wilderness had man wandered, not for forty years but perhaps for forty millenniums, before the promised land of reason and kindness was even sighted! What a world of cruelty and stupidity is uncovered in the descriptions of the Mysteries, or the Ordeal, or Possession, or Purification! The primitive sacraments were orgies of obscenity and pain, and deep scars of these old wounds are found in many a Christian company. But the tragedy is not without comic relief. No child was ever as gullible as the first gods. In Australia they are frightened if you bark at them like dogs, or cheated if you imitate the sound of rain-birds; in China the jealousy of the malignant powers is fooled by giving one's children such disparaging names as "Dustpan" and "That dog." Most of them, and those the most horrible, can be cajoled by being called soft names, as Grandfather Small-pox or the Eumenides or (in Scotland) the Gude Man. Among the scandalous deities who succeeded in palming themselves off as Christian saints, none was more grotesque than St. Foutin.

The philosopher must needs be content with the crumbs that fall from the theologian's table. The article Philosophy itself has not a line on any modern school—though, characteristically of a work published in North Britain, a separate article on Scottish philosophy is promised. There are excellent biographies of a few noted thinkers, such as Nietzsche and Pascal, and there is a short treatment of Pessimism. Professor Leuba performs the task, congenial to him and much needed, apparently, by us, of pouring a cold douche on the revelations of Psychical Research.

The tolerant fairness with which subjects not directly related to Christianity are treated, is in strong contrast to the bias manifested in this department. Having in mind a predominantly conservative audience, the editor has brilliantly illustrated in his own practice the remark of the writer on Religion, that "everywhere there is a tendency to treat quite freely the religion which is not one's own." Conservative Catholics occasionally, conservative Protestants usually, liberals never, are selected to handle the arcana of the faith. Thus the article on Rationalism is something between a polemic and a snub, and the article Mysticism is all "positive," without so much as an allusion to the best rationalist treatment of the subject, that by Mrs. Anna Robeson Burr.

But, though one is tempted at times to think that myths in religious works are like the office-holders of whom Jefferson complained that few died and none resigned voluntarily, there are degrees even in conservatism. The New Testament critic will here find that some authorities now consider the name Nazareth fictitious, being derived from the epithet Nazarene, though no thanks are expressed to Professor W. B. Smith, who first brought forward this point. The biographer of Paul finds it impossible to deny that he was in many respects influenced by the mystery religions around him. This is also admitted, as cautiously as possible, in the articles Regeneration and Sacraments, though it is denied in the article Mysteries. In matters of difference of opinion it is fair to allow much latitude, but in view of the convincing proofs brought forward by Reitzenstein, Dieterich, Norden, Cumont, Lake, Loisy, Reinach, Gilbert Murray, and Jane Harrison, it is difficult to believe any longer in the originality of the Pauline theology.

The difficulties of an editor who wished to combine a conservative view-point with an appeal to all Christian churches, are most apparent in the articles on church history. In the treatment of matters in controversy between the sects the most glaring contradictions can be found. Thus, the article on the Holy Office, by a Jesuit, is an apology for the Inquisition, skilful enough in its moderation but most unfortunate in its efforts to slur the work of Henry Charles Lea. But if one turns to the article Persecution or Papacy one finds the strongest anti-Catholic polemic possible. It is there extravagantly said that the "Reformation was the greatest moral and religious emancipation that the world has yet seen, or perhaps will ever see." The papacy is allusively compared to Virgil's *monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum*, and its extinction is prophesied, "either by the short agony of revolution . . . or by the long process of secular decay." The Inquisition, elsewhere defended, is here branded in the words of Acton as "peculiarly the weapon and peculiarly the work of the popes" and "in principle murderous." In contrast to this strong, and perhaps just, indictment, the treatment of Protestant persecution is extremely inadequate. That Luther was intolerant, that Melanchthon sat upon a tribunal that condemned Anabaptists to death, is not so much as hinted at; Servetus is disposed of in a single line; and the persecution by the Puritans is defended as actuated by a lofty motive—the desire to keep a unified state!

An almost obscurantist tendency emerges in the article on the Oxford movement, which is praised for having revived the monastic life, for having "slowly and painfully brought back into the lives of English people a belief in the supernatural," and for having redeemed them from the evils of deism, Latitudinarianism, materialism, and a Zwinglian view of the real presence. In contradiction to this "Anglican Catholic" view the article on Protestantism is more than half occupied with a proof that the Church of England is "as Protestant in doctrine as it well can be." It is most disappointing that the writer should have confined his attention to this minor point and not

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have given us a philosophical estimate of the genius of Protestantism in general. The article Reformation is perhaps the most old-fashioned and least adequate in the whole book. The fullest treatment of church history as a whole is given under the heading Presbyterianism. Indeed, references to the Puritans, Pilgrims, and the Presbyterians are numerous and sympathetic. A strong race, they were a little lacking in good taste. Who but a Puritan would have expunged from the marriage service the beautiful words said by the man to the woman, "with my body I thee worship"? Who else could have given such quaint proper names, here vouched for, as Accepted Trevor, Faintnot Hewit, God Reward Smart, Called Lane, Killsin Pimple, More Fruit Fowler, and Flie-fornication Andrews?

Women Wanderers

Unconducted Wanderers. By Rosita Forbes. John Lane Company.

A Broken Journey. By Mary Gaunt. J. B. Lippincott Company.

WOMEN wanderers, with the run of the world nowadays, have ceased to be a nine-days' wonder, but they may still serve as touchstones for the gallantry and kindliness of strange peoples, and their adventures often make good reading. For a particularly cheerful volume of unusual happenings, keen observation, and piquant narration, we are indebted to Mrs. Forbes and her friend "Undine." As a relief after the strain of war hospital work they sought the remotest corners of the earth. Elephants, sedan-chairs, houseboats, rat-like ponies, bullock carts, troop-trains, sampans, rice-boats (and once a Hudson super-six) served to carry the travellers on their erratic way, with many unexpected hindrances. The reader chuckles over the sprightly pages, and he yearns to seek those islands lying just beyond his farthest journey; in his armchair he can comfortably share the discomforts and hardships of the Orient; with such dauntless spirits what matter if one's bones all feel "like a badly-made soufflé," or if, after three weeks without having her clothes off, Undine's golden hair looks like mouldy hay? For these young Englishwomen went swimming in iridescent Samoan waters (with an unexpected but admiring circle of dusky wonder at the subsequent dressing process); rode Dulcibella, the bright pink horse shaped like a pyramid, which had a "mournful mind and could only run like a cockroach, in short jerks," and which on a hot day drooped like a pink ice; climbed volcanoes with a self-invited throng of bare-footed maidens who placidly went to sleep under every flowery tree while the bronze Adonis of a guide wove floral garlands for the golden crowns of the strangers. Feasts and dances, marriages and funerals, crowd the story with color, but there is a balance of unenviable realism, such as tossing about in a wave-swept island yawl for a day and a night, "lying in the scuppers in a huddled mass of bananas." The Tongan Isles should apparently be rechristened the Musical Comedy Isles. Tonga owns a magnificent king, six feet seven inches of uniformed royalty, and the only native king left to the Pacific. It also boasts a house of peers and a representative house of the people, of whom, according to Mrs. Forbes, the former wear clothes and the latter do not. Even the prison seemed to partake of the musical comedy spirit, as it bore a large notice: "Any prisoners not in by 6 P. M. will be locked out for the night."

The Fiji Islands have always captivated the fancy, and more than ever one sighs to explore those precipitous mountains overhanging the haystack villages clustering below, with cheerful convicts carrying one's luggage under the guidance, perhaps, of a barelegged policeman "becomingly dressed in a blue uniform coat with brass buttons, a spotless white lava-lava [straw petticoat], and a wreath of pink flowers." The Fijians, with their wild faces and outstanding shocks of fuzz, look much more murderous than they really are, and though the travellers, often sleeping in hay houses with the fierce-visaged natives in rows beside them, might nightly have expected sudden death, yet they met no more alarming adventure than (in the inky darkness) stepping barefoot on a large wet hen. The Fijians, with sons overseas, had their own understanding of the war, and "a hundred magnificent warriors, polished with oil and streaked with charcoal, in thick short petticoats of hanging straw and every sort of fantastical floral decoration, gave us their idea of the Battle of the Somme. Shouldering huge ancient clubs, painted and carved, the two parties advanced towards each other with mincing polka steps."

New Guinea, in spite of its persistent cannibals, seems to have fallen below expectation, owing to a prevalence of corrugated iron shanties and stunted blue gum trees, but the water villages were perfectly satisfactory with their straw houses perched on stilts, brown babies hung in plaited bags from convenient posts, and the placid family pig enthroned in a stye just above the waves. The prevailing style in dress seemed to be an elaborate pattern of blue tattoo, a few shells, and perhaps a lobster claw thrust in bushy hair.

Java, Sumatra, and the Malay State spread out like pages of the Arabian Nights, and one shuts a finger in the book to dream of Bangkok. In Cambodia these Englishwomen, who had already found the Dutch colonies admirable, saw so much to praise in the relations of natives and officials in French Indo-China that they began to question why the British consider themselves the finest colonists in the world.

In China sharp fighting was going on between North and South, but these determined young women, being neutral, calmly attempted to pass the lines. Having seen the Chinese soldier start off to war with his sun hat, fan, umbrella, and a woman coolie to carry his luggage, there seemed little reason to take him or his revolution seriously—an opinion which had later to be revised. While sitting cross-legged in a crowded boat into which they were packed for six days, they concocted a wonderful Union Jack, but as they could not remember "where the white went" they left it out altogether. Under this doubtful ægis, and with a hastily pinned Red Cross flag, they dragged a frightened retinue through an abandoned country and approached the front, but at Yum-Shing their progress was effectually barred by a bridge of boats. While they vainly tried to persuade the officer in charge to let them pass, a procession of stretcher-bearers appeared and deposited rows of wounded on their deck below the improvised Red Cross flag! Some Pears soap, cold cream, and a few bandages were all their equipment, but, having larger stores of skill, ingenuity, and experience, they struggled valiantly with wounds untouched since the battlefield. After dressing the wounded who were brought to them, and those in the neighboring village (under bayonet guard), they started afoot across country and in a wood "almost fell over a line of little grey soldiers kneeling with rifles ready to fire." They got past the dazed soldiers, but were speedily caught, put under arrest, and had to beat a three-hundred-mile retreat.

It is a toss-up between soldiers and brigands in China. Brigands, or the fear of brigands, caused Miss Gaunt's trip across Chihli and Shansi to the Hoangho to be a "Broken Journey." An Australian born to wander, Miss Gaunt had already given the public her "Woman in China," and, apparently for the sake of writing a sister volume, she set forth alone (except for her Pekinese dog, James Buchanan) despite the rumors of bandits. She reached the muddy Hoangho, but dared not pass beyond into the Shensi of her hopes. Miss Gaunt saw many things of interest, but her story suffers from a certain rigidity and lack of imagination, as well as detailed reiteration and undue personal emphasis. She is as violently British as many colonials and, however cramped for space in her horse litter, always has room for her prejudices and her rather tiresome dog. It may be a good sedative for the would-be traveller to dip into her book after having his travel-thirst inflamed by Mrs. Forbes's tale; if the interior of China afford one only manifestly overwhelming discomforts, a confirmation of preconceived prejudices, and an intensifying consciousness of self, why not forego the temptation of writing a book and stay happily at home?

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Experiments in Realism

The Story of a Lover. Anonymous. Boni and Liveright.
Sisters. By Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Page and Company.
The Other Side of the Wall. By Henry Justin Smith. Doubleday, Page and Company.

THE anonymous "Story of a Lover" is a book nicely calculated to bring out the most unfortunate qualities of current criticism. On the one hand it will be hailed as incomparably bold and beautiful, on the other it will be represented—the New York *Times* has already so represented it—as verging on the pornographic. It is, as a matter of fact, hardly the first; it is most assuredly not the second. It is the attempt of a very earnest, very sincere, very sensitive mind to penetrate to the true facts of its own experience. It was born of a deep inner need, of years of spiritual conflict and painful brooding; it holds the ultimate facts of the life of a morbidly troubled and far from ignoble soul. In a highly self-expressive literature, rich in personal records, its importance would be small; in our own that importance is indisputable, though not perhaps so indisputable as is claimed by some of the book's particular friends.

A difference of opinion will legitimately arise as to the measure of this importance, and that again will depend on one's view of the personality that expresses itself so frankly. This personality, as it is here revealed, seems to us of the type that will be forever seeking reality and will be forever baffled in its search. The sincere and thoroughgoing sentimentalist cannot escape the web of his sentiments even if he has woven into them all the heresies and sophistications of today and tomorrow. One can be as sentimental about free love as about married love, and the most radical conduct can be as sentimentally unguided from within as the most conventional. Our author could never possess reality because he never came to possess himself. He says finely: "To all things I invariably tended to apply the measure of eternity." Yet this is precisely what he has never been able to do. For he has no detachment; he has never viewed his experiences from above. There is no fastness in his mind, no innermost stronghold where he is alone and master. He is utterly sincere in his sense of preoccupation with a passion that partakes of eternity. But to rational and by no means insensitive minds he may seem to be merely uxorious. He sentimentalizes the object of his love throughout, and it is almost by accident that he gives us a glimpse of that by no means unknown kind of *ménage* in which the husband sweeps the floors and nurses the children because he is too sentimental to insist on the performance of plain and obvious duties. One's final impression of him is that of a pathetic figure who has substituted endless self-torment and subtle, pain-shot revery for one virile act which might have liberated him with little pain to any one.

The book is very much better in detail than as a whole. The author has gazed with sorrowful raptness upon the thorns that have pierced him so long. His mind has never been able to transcend his ills. But he knows these ills pang by pang. Hence his pages are often packed with close and memorable observations concerning the infinitely curious and complicated relations that bind a man and a woman together. The treatment of these relations may, as he truly says, constitute "the most difficult art in the world." And he gives us glimpses of all the elements in those relations which are, beyond a doubt, sharing in the swift process of change which civilization is itself undergoing. Thus there can be no question concerning the genuine interest of his record, however limited its permanent value may be by the limitations of a mind and character which deserve sympathy but which are hardly likely to get much from those in whom reason has any important control over the passions.

Mrs. Norris has also told, objectively of course, the story of a great love. Her book serves to throw the value of "The Story of a Lover" into rather clear relief. For Mrs. Norris, who has done very able and very honest work in the past, never really grapples closely with the situation she has herself created and finally tears the tangle asunder by means of a melodramatic device. Her picture of the girlhood of Cherry Strickland is very fine and true. We are convinced of the motives that caused Cherry to marry Martin Lloyd, and equally convinced by the analysis of the unsatisfactory character of that marriage. Cherry drifts between her husband's house and her father's until she discovers that she utterly returns the great and hitherto silent passion which her sister's husband, Peter Joyce, has always entertained for her. This is a crucial and credible complication. In life, as we know, given the fine and sensitive character of the people involved, it would—through some painful joy and much pure agony—have worn itself out in the course of the years. But Mrs. Norris cannot regard great love otherwise than melodramatically. Peter and Cherry plan to run away. But Alix, Peter's wife and Cherry's sister, discovers the situation. She says nothing, but promptly whisks Martin off in a motor car and plunges the car over a precipice. She is killed and Martin is more or less permanently disabled. And she leaves a note explaining her motive. As if any sensible person (and Alix is represented as supremely sensible) could have invented a more ghastly and permanent way of separating the lovers! They are separated, of course, but Mrs. Norris desires us to believe that Martin is chastened and refined and that Cherry, still in her middle twenties, will find the care of an unloved invalid sufficient to fill the forty or fifty years of her remaining life with entire content. It would be hardly worth while to remark on the unsoundness of all this if Mrs. Norris were not so good a psychologist in spots and if she were not so sincerely eager to write liberally and veraciously of the life she knows. So soon, however, as she handles the motive of powerful passion she stops thinking in terms of reality and begins to think and write in terms of a novelistic tradition in which passionate crises must result first in physical violence and then in instantaneous renunciation. Violence is, happily, excessively rare, and renunciation is the fruit of long self-discipline aided by the failing of the fires of youth.

"The Other Side of the Wall" is also an experiment in realism. Mr. Henry Justin Smith pictures with a vividness not less genuine for being a trifle crude in method the ugly turmoil and shallowness of certain social groups in Chicago. Lance Happerth, a newspaper man of literary leanings, drifts into this set and marries the daughter of Barton Fanning, spurious financial magnate and leader of Lakeside society. Again, as in the case of Mrs. Norris, so far, so good. Lance is restless, unhappy, in imminent danger of abandoning his true self and sinking to the level of his environment. Then comes the draft, about which Lance is not at all enthusiastic. His flexible intelligence has kept him rather beyond the moods of the crowd. But in the training camp he is rolled in the snow for discipline, forced to clean latrines, and, in other ways, according to Mr. Smith, made into a man! We are told that "the life of intellectual freedom and cynical individualism had been the first to go; then Lakeside with its tinted walls, its steam heat, and sofa pillows." It is not explained how true intellectual freedom can coexist with the capitalist's cynical individualism, nor how steam heat and sofa pillows impede noble living. We hear nothing, furthermore, of a permanent dedication to any great cause or of the finding of a new freedom in the service of an idea. We are asked to believe that mere assimilation to a mass effort and the renunciation of the liberty to think—a renunciation encouraged by such rollings in the snow—can effect a man's spiritual salvation. In other words, Mr. Smith, even more than Mrs. Norris, abandons his search for reality so soon as he comes into contact with strong and deep emotions and drifts toward some easy conventionalization of the inner life. And this, it may be added, is true of other quite good and quite veracious American novelists. At a certain point in their analysis they suddenly stop short and abandon themselves uncritically to a convention or a popular belief. The author of "The Story of a Lover" does at least probe beyond that point. He is deterred only by inherent limitations, not by artificial ones. In so far his practice is worthy of the study of his fellow writers.

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Books in Brief

THE pungent charm of Professor Santayana's style—a charm that possesses what pomologists call a rich subacid flavor—is revealed in his recent British Academy address, "Philosophical Opinion in America" (Oxford University Press). Somewhat restrained, perhaps, and a bit chilled by the formality of the occasion, he still speaks delightfully, and his craftsmanship proves its mettle by the ease with which it carries the fabric of his reasoning. Why do not more of our scholars write with his skill? Have they no imagination, no delight in words that run but only in words that trudge? Professor Santayana finds the answer in his analysis of our present day academic philosopher: "His education has been more pretentious than thorough . . . social pressure and his own great eagerness have condemned him to overwork, committee meetings, early marriage, premature authorship, and lecturing two or three times a day under forced draught. He has no peace in himself, no window open to a calm horizon, and in his heart perhaps little taste for mere scholarship or pure speculation." A singularly unhappy training for producing an adequate school of philosophers—a training that carries with it consequences to American thought that Professor Santayana puts clearly. Since the days of transcendentalism, philosophy in America has been increasingly in the keeping of the academic group. The clerical tradition is dead and the lay tradition has never possessed the importance that it has long possessed in England. It becomes a matter of real moment, therefore, that the regnant group should be academic in the best sense; and the new realists do not measure up to the requirement. Twenty-five years ago when German idealism held the field our academic philosophers were grounded in metaphysics; today they seem to have lost their grip on the history of philosophy. They are half baked, and the startling conclusions at which they arrive are too often due to lack of thoroughness. They do their thinking on the run. "Many of the younger professors of philosophy are no longer the sort of persons that might as well have been clergymen or schoolmasters: they have rather the type of mind of a doctor, an engineer, or a social reformer; the wide-awake young man who can do most things better than old people, and who knows it." In other words their bent is towards biology or physics or ethics, rather than towards metaphysics; and in their haste they have made philosophy "an asylum for enthusiasts." Critical as Professor Santayana is of their methods, he is even more critical of their conclusions. Both the pragmatists and the new realists are dealt with acutely but not unsympathetically. The most suggestive portion of the address is the explanation of the transformation of our earlier idealism into presentative realism. To what extent his account is just it is still too early to determine. No doubt, the address will call forth vigorous replies; those who are hit will strike back. Nevertheless, it is an admirable piece of work; the best statement available of recent currents in American speculative thought. This address, and that by the same author in Mr. Gaillard Lapsley's book reviewed elsewhere in this issue, make us long for still more on this theme from Mr. Santayana.

THE last volume of the shorter writings of the late William Graham Sumner has been issued under the title of "The Forgotten Man and Other Essays" (Yale University Press). The book also contains a full bibliography of the author's works and an index covering this and the other three volumes of his collected essays. This index is perhaps the most valuable feature of the book, for it must be admitted that most of the contents now seem comparatively ephemeral. An exception should be made of the title essay. The Forgotten Man was a famous lecture during the eighties, and is still surprisingly apposite in theme and fresh in statement. Who is this neglected creature? He is none other than the honest, law-abiding laborer who is ready to earn his living by productive work. Not only is he seldom the beneficiary of legislation, but he is even made the victim of reformers, social speculators, and philanthropists. It is he who has to pay for the vices, follies, and recklessness of others. "He works, he votes, generally he prays—but he always pays—yes, above all, he pays." Being commonplace and having no nuisance value, he is perpetually overlooked. The other essays in this volume deal chiefly with the tariff question and the free-silver controversy. They are representative of their author's most effective public career, falling for the most part in the period between 1880 and 1896, when Professor Sumner as teacher, lecturer, and publicist was a determining influence in Yale College and a power in the land. They do not represent his later ventures into sociology by which he increased, indeed, his scholarly reputation but at the same time necessarily lost some of his grip upon the public. The trenchant commonsense with which the author was wont to pierce through the husks of sham and sentimentality to the very core of a question is splendidly evident in his exposure of the fallacies of protectionism. It is a melancholy commentary on the lack of coördination between thought and action in America that our legislation should lag so far behind our economic thinking. Sumner has never been successfully refuted, but the high tariff is still dominant. Upon certain industrial questions, such as the philosophy of strikes and the function of labor unions, with which some of the shorter essays deal, the author seems much less modern. Accounted "advanced" and even subversive in his own day, he now appears to us as a belated apostle of *laissez-faire*. His astringent mind had, in fact, nothing of that expansive sentimentalism which is the hall-mark of the contemporary radical. Sentences like "All experience is against state regulation and in favor of liberty," or "It demands at least as much moral courage to beard King Majority as it ever did to beard King Caesar," or again, "Governments depart from their prime and essential function when they undertake to transfer property instead of securing it," are the sayings of a doughty individualist whose virility of thinking was always more conspicuous than his sensitiveness to new movements of the time-spirit.

THE last banquet to which the Olympians have been invited is one where they will not eat, but be eaten. That modern Circe, Dr. Rendel Harris, having turned most of the Greek gods back into their primeval shapes as personifications of or projections from the vegetable world, has now, in his "Origin and Meaning of Apple Cults" (Longmans, Green), dished up Apollo as, originally and etymologically, an apple. With that same facility with which, in an earlier study, he explained the obscure Gospel epithet, "Sons of Thunder," by illustrations from the native customs of Portuguese East Africa, he has here collected a lot of interesting material on the primitive worship of apple-trees. In some parts of England it is, or quite recently was, the custom to "wassail" the apple-trees by drinking their health in cider on Twelfth Night, in order to insure a good crop. The spirit of the tree was objectified in the person of one of the two creatures naturally found on its branches, a bird or a boy; and this spirit was propitiated by either offerings or sacrifices—the bird in reality, the boy in imitative play. This custom is illustrated, most unexpectedly, by a number of Greek coins in which bird and boy (or, sometimes, girl) are depicted sitting in the boughs of a tree. According to Dr. Harris, Ganymede was one of these young climbers whose ascension to heaven was nothing but "shinnying" up the tallest oak he could find; and the nectar that he offered to Jupiter was but the wild honey he sometimes found in the hollow of the trunk. What more natural, concludes our author, than that the name of the tree should be applied to the god, Apollo in the south and Balder in the northland—for the difference in these two names is easily accounted for by the philologist who finds "appledore" as one of the early names for apple-tree? All that Dr. Harris writes is so learned and ingenious that it may seem unkind to recall that, by the same etymological method, Mr. G. K. Chesterton has proved that Cleopatra was killed not by an asp but by aspirin.

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HAVING acted as midwife at the birth of many heathen deities, Dr. Rendel Harris kindly extends his services in a similar capacity to the Christian religion in his study of "The Origin of the Doctrine of the Trinity" (Longmans, Green). He believes this dogma to have had a Jewish inception in the personification of the Wisdom of God or of the Power of God in such passages as Proverbs viii, Wisdom of Solomon vii, and Ecclesiasticus xxiv. Both these titles were applied to Christ, he thinks, in the first Christian work, a postulated Book of Testimonies drawn from the Hebrew Scriptures. The existence of such a book is not only made probable, in his opinion, by allusions in the New Testament and Fathers, but is put almost beyond doubt by a recently discovered manuscript containing what may be a late recension of it. This book he equates with the much discussed Logia, or Oracles of the Lord, mentioned by Papias. In short, *if* he has discovered another early Christian work, and *if* it turns out to be what he thinks it is, and *if* he can prove that it occupied the important, almost unique, position to which he assigns it, he will have made a valuable contribution to the understanding of primitive Christianity. Indeed, the vistas of possible literary problems opened up by his hypothesis are so vast and various that the particular point he has selected for emphasis in his title sinks into secondary interest. Until the facts have been studied by other scholars, and for a longer time, it will be impossible to pass an opinion on the ultimate validity of Dr. Harris's thesis. At present it seems as if there must have been a considerable mass of lost writings by the Jewish-Christians, or the Disciples of John, or other early Messianic sects. Such, doubtless, is the book of the Odes of Solomon, recovered by Dr. Harris ten years ago; such are a number of works known only in title, as the Revelation of Elias. Every new discovery in this field clarifies our knowledge of the period; but the natural tendency to overemphasize the importance of any single recent find must be cautiously avoided.

"MY 'LITTLE BIT'" by Marie Corelli (Doran) is made up of occasional papers gratuitously contributed to various journals and charitable publications and now collected in order that Miss Corelli's readers (the "huge silent public") may see "the straight and loyal road my pen has travelled during the wickedest and stupidest war that ever devastated the world." It is abundantly evident that while the whirlwind raged she did what a woman could—and screamed. The effect of fifty screams brought together in one volume is a trifle deafening now that the guns have ceased to boom. In travelling the straight and loyal road of invective her pen sometimes appears to travel in both directions. Thus she abuses "Papa Government" for withholding information from the public and the "garrulous and indiscreet press" for emitting it. She pounces upon the luckless humorist who had mourned the "sacrifice" of hot rolls to national necessity and in the next breath denounces D. O. R. A. for providing anything but pure white flour for the British workingman. And with a weary and worn phrase doing duty in the title of her book she can call camouflage "that vulgar expression of French police 'argot'" and rail at the "irremediably illiterate British press" for running it to death. Amid the welter of exclamations, imperatives, superlatives, and rhetorical questions, however, one gathers that her shrieks were leveled chiefly at the head of the German government ("the miserable epileptic," "the mad dog of Europe"), at the English government ("our dilly-dally statesmen"), at capitalists without distinction of nationality ("scoundrels of finance"), at woman-suffragists ("our screaming Doll Tear-sheets"), and at certain modern authors ("our ape-like jesters of the press, of the Bernard Shaw type"). Once indeed she seemed to waver in that precious article of her creed: "I imagine that a true woman would rather be the Madonna of a Faith than the Premier of an Empire." But the spectacle of the British *femme de trente ans* actually endangering her womanliness at the polls brought Miss Corelli staunchly in line once more with the feminine ideals

A Note to Nation Readers

Every other week, during the next year this half page will be given over to Borzoi Books. I shall bring to the attention of *Nation* readers only such of my publications as I feel to be really worth their while, and I shall try to write about these books honestly.

In short, I want to interest *Nation* readers seriously in Borzoi Books and to that end I invite at all times their suggestions and comments.

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of Sir Walter Scott's heroines. In every essential matter her opinions survive the war as undamaged as the Kaiser's sons. Only one paper in the volume, however, is of piquant interest to the public at large; it is that in which Miss Corelli explains away the charge of hoarding on which the "Dogberrys" of Stratford-on-Avon obtained her conviction. The rest might more appropriately have been issued in limited edition, and that edition limited to the author's copy.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT in a preface to "Abraham Lincoln" (Houghton Mifflin), a play by John Drinkwater, gives several reasons to account for its great success in London, among them Mr. Drinkwater's "disdain" of stage tricks. What has become of Mr. Bennett's critical conscience? He admits Mr. Drinkwater's "deep, practical knowledge of the stage"—and thus lets the cat out of the bag. It is the dramaturgy, not the portraiture, in this treatment of "Lincoln" that has given it vogue. Witness the culminating scene. It takes place in what is Briticized into the "lounge" of Ford's theatre. Doors of three boxes form the back of the stage; applause, off stage, indicates the close of an act; the doors open; the audience glimpses Lincoln in the middle box and begins being "suggested" by its vague recollection of the story of his assassination, while people drift past talking about nothing; the suggestion is held in suspense while Lincoln declaims part of the Gettysburg oration —a "disdain" of historicity which Mr. Drinkwater has allowed himself; the doors of the boxes close; one watcher is left on the stage; Booth slinks on; the gathering recollections of the audience focus; Booth evades detection, throws open the box door, fires, escapes; the door closes; another tense interval; hubbub, off stage; then Stanton appears, to recite "Now he belongs to the ages." What a "deep, practical knowledge" of how an audience can be suggested! What an adroit use of suggestive intervals! But as portraiture—one familiar quotation! This play has been paraded in London as handling "with simplicity" one of "the world's greatest and finest characters." Whatever the actor may have made of the part in a London war-wearied, over-credulous about everything American, it is, regarded purely as a portrait on paper, no more than a patchwork of quotations from Lincoln, given dialogue form, and mortised into a thoroughly traditional image. To Mr. Drinkwater the Lincoln of fact—that prodigy who on one hand touches Lenin, on the other Burke, and yet is always stupendously himself—has not been revealed. His hero is the "plaster saint" Lincoln, the one of whom Americans are beginning to tire, the Lincoln half buffoon, half sentimentalist, and garnished with stage piety, with as little likeness to the actual colossus as had the Johnny Keats of the reviewers to the singular but coherent genius of the "Ode to a Nightingale." Yet it is perhaps too much to expect that an Englishman should understand this Lincoln when we ourselves are only beginning to do so.

IF reminiscence were forbidden to fishermen, the streams would soon be left to professionals. But if many of the brotherhood take to publishing their journals, the public may well sigh for a censor of boredom. Such at least is the wish one forms while perusing Romilly Fedden's "Golden Days from the Fishing Log of a Painter in Brittany" (Houghton Mifflin). At the beginning of some "Notes from a Diary" the author remarks: "Believe me, if the reader finds them dull, they are to the writer infinitely more interesting." This might stand as the motto of the book. While the author was in the trenches, memories of the hours of fly-casting returned to him; their charm was heightened by contrast with the nauseous existence about him; and he attempted to weave them into a "Spell of Brittany" volume. He relates some of his own adventures, offers supposedly practical advice to fellow sportsmen, and chatters with banal sentimentality now of *landes* and *menhirs*, now of the comparative virtues of morning and evening pipes. Of some interest are the occasional glimpses of Breton manners; a purple patch is the description of the fires of St. John's eve. A few legends are told or hinted at; the best is surely the visit of the Virgin to Brittany, which proves that its spell is felt even above the stars. Experts must judge of the value of the counsels as to matters of angling; fireside readers may content themselves with the charitable hope that Mr. Fedden may succeed better with his brush than with his pen in expressing the charm of Brittany.

MR. ALFRED MANSFIELD BROOKS'S adventure in bookmaking pretentiously entitled "Great Artists and Their Works by Great Authors" (Marshall Jones) is a series of one hundred and seven short extracts on "The Purpose and Meaning of Art," "Architecture," "Painting," and "Sculpture," from a variety of sources ranging from Homer to the late Samuel Butler. "In the course of a long reading about art," says Mr. Brooks in his brief Foreword, "the passages gathered into this volume have, for the editor, come to stand out with peculiar force and distinctness of meaning, and to contain singularly enlightening comment. It is hoped that students of art, as well as the general reader, will find them equally inspiriting and delightful." In this hopeful and casual compilation of his "favorite selections" for the inspiration and delight of art-students and the general public, Mr. Brooks betrays either a naïve optimism or else a serenely cynical faith. The book is a promiscuous anthology of history, biography, moralizing, "word-painting," rhetoric, and cant, all concerned in some way or other with "Great Artists and Their Works," but held together by no other organizing principle than the caprice of the editor's "taste." Those sharing Mr. Brooks's taste may find the collection "inspiriting and delightful"; but Mr. Brooks presumes upon the universality of his preferences, which actually are guided by no express philosophy of judgment, by no semblance of ordered insight. In so far as the book is biographical and critical, it is a staccato and distracting chaos; in a number of its descriptive passages it violates flagrantly the fundamental thesis of Lessing's *Laokoon*: a thesis stated in one of the selections of the book to the condemnation of generous portions of the volume. "A picture one can describe," says a passage on page 132, a passage orthodox to Lessing's contention, "is not likely to be a good picture. If the actual description of a painting makes interesting reading, the picture itself is not likely to please."

IF the multiplication of books is a worthy object in itself, Professor Charles Downer Hazen and his publishers, Henry Holt and Company, deserve well of their country, for they have discovered how to make three books grow where only one grew before. Mr. Hazen might well prefer a charge of plagiary against himself for pilfering his own work. In 1917 he published a text book entitled "Modern European History," covering the period from 1789 to the present, a book of 650 pages provided with all the approved text book devices. The same year, by lifting the first eleven chapters of this book and printing them in larger type on heavier paper without the devices, he made a new book of 384 pages, entitled "The French Revolution and Napoleon"—"for the convenience of those who may wish to review this memorable and instructive period." And now he has in similar manner made a third book of 428 pages, entitled "Fifty Years of Europe," by reprinting, with slight modifications and an additional chapter, the last part of the first book—also "for the convenience of those who may wish to review this period." All of these books are published by the Holts, doubtless to their own and the author's "convenience"; but so far as the reviewer is aware they have not in their advertisements consulted the purchaser's "convenience" to the extent of informing him that if he buys the two last mentioned books he will be buying parts of a book which he perhaps already has, or in any case can easily procure for the price of one of them. It is said that a fourth book is in process of construction, to be made by combining the "Fifty Years of Europe" with the author's "Europe Since 1815." The business grows complicated.

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THE last of Walter Pater's fugitive writings—if that adjective may be applied to even the least of these bits of literary journalism—is given us in "Sketches and Reviews" (Boni and Liveright). Supplementing the "Essays from the Guardian" of nearly a quarter century ago, the present collection will be chiefly valued for the essay on "Æsthetic Poetry" which Pater suppressed in the second edition of "Appreciations," feeling that its sensuous warmth gave color to the criticisms aimed at the ethics of his New Cyrenaicism. With this penetrating study of William Morris's "Defence of Guenevere" we have a thirty-page article on "Coleridge as a Theologian," not mentioned in Mr. Greenslet's bibliography, and seven briefer book reviews. Although slight in texture, these are not quite ephemeral: the authors dealt with are now all well known. In some cases Pater helped in the process, heralding as early as 1889 the work of Arthur Symons the poet, or discussing, two years later, Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray." He wrote, too, on Mr. George Moore, who afterwards spoke of the thrill he experienced in reading the review of his "Modern Painting" by "the greatest writer in the world." Least significant is the review of three books on Wordsworth; but the article on Lemaître's "Serenus and Other Tales" is a fresh confirmation of Pater's life-long interest in French literature. For it was to French models that he owed in part the peculiar qualities of his prose, and the two reviews of Flaubert's "Correspondance" reveal him as a pupil of the great Frenchman who more than any other in two generations has imposed his ideals of form upon modern European literature. From the volume as a whole we gain no increased respect for Pater's critical acumen; the reviews are all "appreciations," the tone invariably interpretative and kindly. Needless to say, the style has, as always, all the familiar and slightly exasperating graces of the master.

TO the American the Japanese geisha is as unaccountable—if as radiant—as a flying fish, being neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring. The traveller may bask in her ministry, but he does not attempt to classify her. Even the Japanese tabulation fails to place her convincingly in one pigeonhole. Mr. T. Fujimoto, who seemed to take pleasure in recounting "The Nightside of Japan," devotes a new volume, "The Geisha Girl" (Lippincott), to a superfluous commingling of historical and statistical data of celebrated charmers, together with sketches of the lives of some of them, told in autobiographical form. It seems incredible that an American publisher should let a naïve foreigner appear in this fantastic garb of unedited self-made English, which bears a ludicrous resemblance to that of Hashimura Togo. The frequenter of banquets may like to see himself in the bronze mirror of the geisha; thus do they list their patrons: *"Men loathed by the girls:* swells carrying a handkerchief strongly perfumed and with the hair glittering with cosmetic; too jestful guests; guests with a gold-plugged tooth; guests haughty by money. *Men welcomed by the girls:* Men in quiet; compassionate but not tedious; men not awful; who spend money worthily."

KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON, Irish poet and literary person, published not long ago a volume of reminiscences called "The Middle Years." Readers who enjoyed that work—and she assures us that they were many—should enjoy also its continuation, covering the years since 1913, called "The Years of the Shadow" (Houghton Mifflin). It is as gossipy, garrulous, trivial, and ill-composed as its predecessor. It contains, amid much flutter and chatter about nothing, a reasonable quantity of small talk about such persons and events as the Plunketts, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Æ., the recent Irish Rebellion, the Great War, Lord Dunsany, and Mr. Wells. The publishers declare that the book is a "mine" of good reading, and we thank them for that word. Near the bottom of the mine is a thin vein of fine ore. It is an exquisitely written chapter called "Francis Ledwidge"—a chapter composed of letters and poems written by that poet.

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